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SEPTEMBER 17, 1958

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ROYAL  
MEWS  
in pictures







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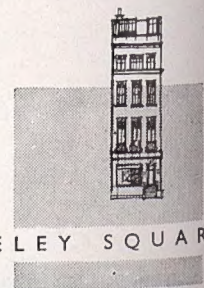


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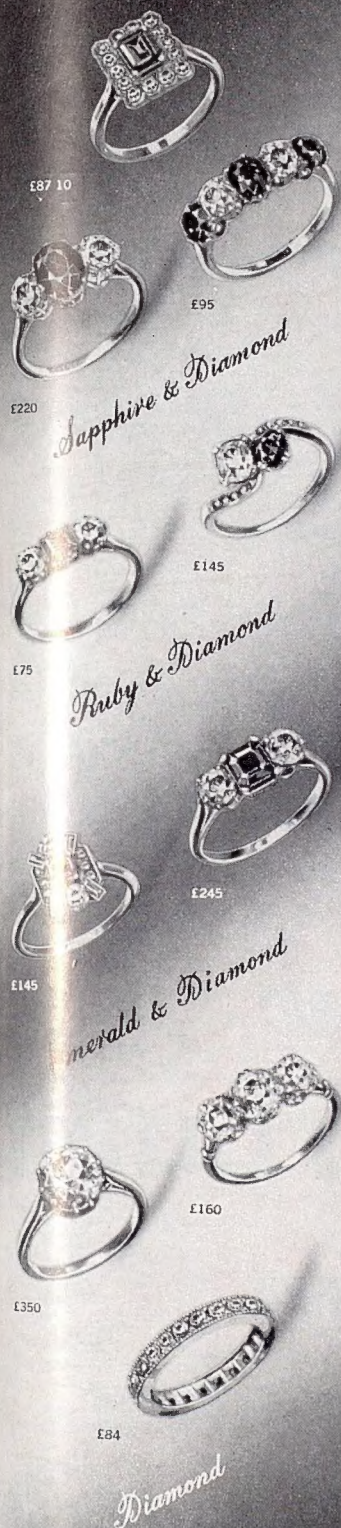


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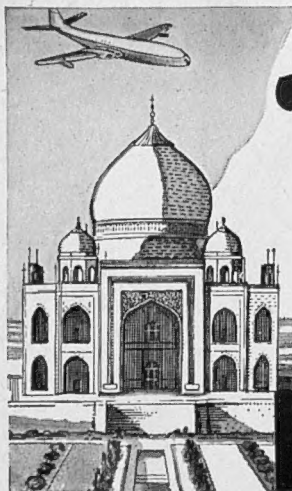
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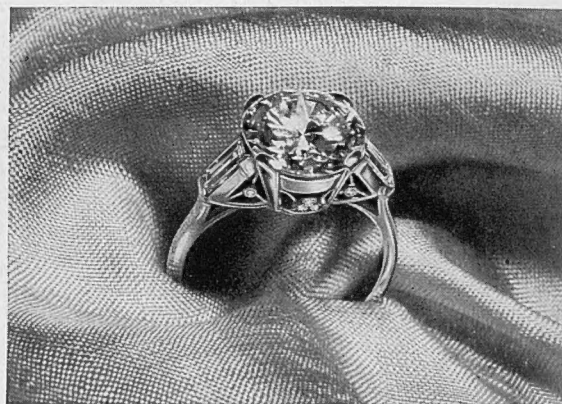
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## Fashion Headlines

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Above, for example, a deliciously carefree style for an oval face designed by Norbert, here now from Elizabeth Arden, Paris.

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## WHERE to go . . .

### Planning your programme

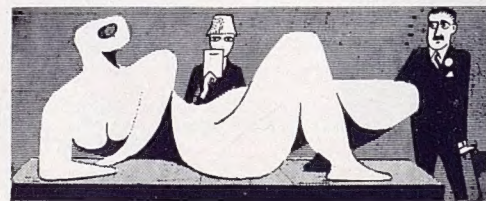
BY ANDREW HALL

THE sporadic and incomplete angler should arrange without delay that long-delayed weekend by the river (loch, sea, or even mountain stream), because Legal Close Times are already in the offing. Salmon rod-fishing ends in England & Scotland on Hallowe'en (31 Oct.). Incidentally it is forbidden to rod-fish for salmon on Sundays and the sale of fresh salmon is (with certain exceptions) prohibited between 31 August and 1 February. Trout-fishing ends on 30 September. Every pocket is suited by this fascinating and healthy sport, but trout-fishing is perhaps most exciting for the younger types. It requires skill and carefully selected equipment—a supple split-cane rod for light fly-casting and a spare top, short and stiff, for bait casting—because trout puts up a stern fight. Do not use a small reel; it should be heavy enough to balance a rod

holding 30 yards of dressed fly line. Details of suitable tackle and of local conditions can generally be had from the local tackle-maker.

From a long afternoon's wading into water to *Long Day's Journey Into Night*, Eugene O'Neill's play. It opens at the Globe Theatre (24 Sept.) hot from its successful northern debut at the Theatre Royal, Newcastle, and the Edinburgh Festival. Anthony Quayle and Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies are the stars.

The Concert Season has now returned to the Royal Festival Hall and will run uninterrupted till 22 December. Sir Vivian Fuchs is to give another illustrated lecture there (21 Sept., three o'clock) similar to the two given earlier this year on his Transantarctic Expedition. Concert-goers will also be able to visit a display of paintings in the Exhibition Suite (till 12 Oct.), produced by a group of tachiste painters, two chimpanzees, an orang-outang, a three-year-old boy, and a 15-month baby.



THE TATLER TEAM TIPS  
(from recent contributions):

### Endorsed eating

BY ISAAC BICKERSTAFF

**The Fairmile Hotel, Portsmouth Road** (between Esher and Cobham). "A fine place to take visitors from abroad; a beautiful place in a beautiful setting with a very smart bar and a first-class restaurant" (COBHAM 2449).

**The Black Horse, Gomshall, Surrey.** "... fashionable and friendly at weekends and provides first-class English fare" (SHERE 42).

**The Myllet Arms, Western Avenue, Greenford, Middlesex.** "... food and wine to West End standards—plenty of room to park" (PERIVALE 4793).

has done nothing better since *The Skin of Our Teeth*. Excellent direction . . . smouldering."

**Variation on a Theme** (Globe Theatre). "... a brilliantly attractive idea. Miss Margaret Leighton abounds superbly. Sir John Gielgud directs."

### Fancied films

BY ELSPETH GRANT

**A Dangerous Age.** "... young love handled with sympathy and understanding. A film of great sensibility. Beautiful and impressive performances from two young Canadians, Ben Piazza and Anne Pearson."

**Stage Struck.** "The film has charm . . . and . . . the emotionally over-charged atmosphere of the theatre is brilliantly communicated. Miss Susan Strasberg is very mannered but attractive."

**Windjammer.** "... superbly photographed in Cinemiracle . . . a triple lens camera which gives full value to the vastness of ocean . . . the colossal curved screen lends an almost three-dimensional quality to the photography. The definition is remarkably sharp and the colour is ravishing . . . enthralling."

### Praised plays

BY ANTHONY COOKMAN

**My Fair Lady** (Drury Lane Theatre). "... every bit as good as it was cracked up to be. Stanley Holloway a mainstay of enjoyment. Julie Andrews spirited and beautiful . . . sings charmingly. But it is Rex Harrison's evening." *Note:* Book now for tickets in February.

**Duel of Angels** (Apollo Theatre). "Giraudoux, translated by Christopher Fry, gives us woman with a vengeance. Miss Vivien Leigh

## WHAT to see





# The TATLER

& BYSTANDER

Vol. CXXIX. No. 2984

17 September 1958

TW SHILLINGS



## PERSONALITY

### At Monty's desk

GENERAL SIR RICHARD NELSON GALE is the man who takes over from Monty. Next week he moves into the Fontainebleau headquarters of NATO as Deputy Supreme Commander of Western forces in Europe. Sixty-two, he has been in retirement since last year for lack of a big enough job. His new assignment amply remedies that shortage. He has the task of succeeding the senior strategist of the Western world, the master-craftsman of war whose annual exercise at SHAPE brought commanders of every distinction to study like cadets.

General Gale has the advantage of wartime comradeship with his new Supreme Commander, General Ridgway. In 1945, as commander and deputy, they led the Allied

airborne army in the last battles of the war. Airborne warfare is General Gale's *métier*. He raised and trained the first parachute brigade 17 years ago. With the 6th Airborne in Normandy his personal courage under fire was such that his officers wrote jointly to the War Office describing it. He received the D.S.O. and the American Legion of Merit.

A plainspoken soldier, General Gale is a former polo-player, a mountaineer and a yachtsman. He is an enthusiast for Shakespeare and a keen student of Asiatic affairs (he spent 18 years in India).

He will be accompanied to Fontainebleau by his second wife Daphne, whom he married in 1953 after being widowed. They have just been visiting America together.



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**Blacklock—Johnston:** Miss Patricia Mary Anne Johnston, only daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Gavin Johnston, Upper Nisbet, Jedburgh, Roxburghshire, married Major Michael David Blacklock, The Royal Scots Greys, only son of Capt. & Mrs. R. W. Blacklock, Dolphin Cottage, Midhurst, Sussex, at St. Andrew's Church, Kelso. The Duke of Kent was one of the guests



**Squires—Pepper (right):** Miss Janet Heskett Pepper, elder daughter of Mr. & Mrs. R. H. Pepper, Kitelands, Micheldever, Hampshire, married Mr. Christopher John Squires, younger son of Mr. & Mrs. S. L. Squires, The Cottage, Effingham, Surrey, at St. Mary the Virgin Church, Micheldever



**Middlemas—Tremlett (centre):** Miss Susan Mary Tremlett, daughter of the late Mr. L. P. Tremlett, & Mrs. Tremlett, St. Serf, Exeter, married Mr. Robert Keith Middlemas, only son of Mr. & Mrs. R. J. Middlemas, Alnwick, Northumberland, at St. Stephen's, Rochester Row



**Hield—Thornton-Berry (extreme right):** Miss Unity Sylvia Thornton-Berry, younger daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Trevor Thornton-Berry, Swinithwaite Hall, Leyburn, Yorkshire, married Mr. Michael David Allan Hield, only son of Mr. & Mrs. D. A. L. Hield, Littlethorpe Hall, Ripon, at Aysgarth Church, Yorkshire

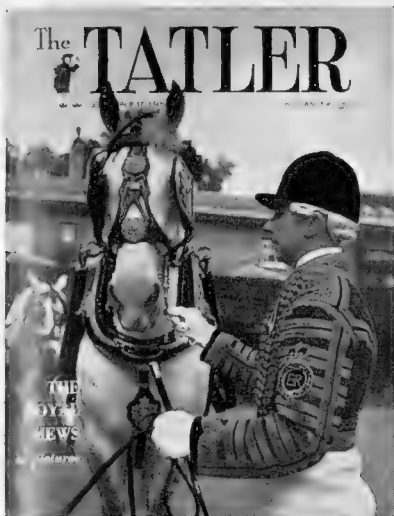


**Traxler Ott—Rathbone:** Miss Pauline Hammond Rathbone, daughter of the late F/Lt. John Rankin Rathbone, M.P., & Mrs. P. H. G. Wright, Coaters, Bignor, Sussex, married Signor N. U. Vieri Traxler Ott, secretary at the Italian Embassy, London, & son of the late Signor N. U. Augusto Traxler Ott, & of Signora N. D. Adele Traxler Ott, Nugola, Livorno, at the Church of the Sacred Heart, Petworth, Sussex

**Barbour—Jury:** Miss Pamela Jury, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Archibald Jury, Duart Drive, Newton Mearns, Renfrew, married Mr. Alastair Muir Barbour, Colonsay, Norwood Drive, Whitecraigs, at St. Margaret's Church, Newlands, Glasgow







THE GORGEOUS UNIFORM is worn by a postillion of a state road lundau. In the background is part of the royal mews at Buckingham Palace. More pictures of this fascinating stabling-and-training centre appear on **pages 522-3.** **ALSO IN THIS ISSUE:** Eminent cognomenarians on the Riviera—pictures of two well-known personalities (page 19). Priscilla writes on page 518, Caryl Phillips on page 516

## Chieftain at the games

The Marquess of Huntly with the Marchioness (together, centre) at the Aboyne Games with their two children (Lady Lemina Gordon and the Earl of Aboyne, behind them). The Marquess was chieftain of the games



## SOCIAL JOURNAL

# The yearling sales move to Newmarket

by JENNIFER

THE GO-AHEAD directors of Tattersalls (Mr. Kenneth Watt, the Hon. John Coventry, and Mr. Michael Watt) seem to have pleased everyone by moving their annual September Yearling Sales from Doncaster. Except for the war years these sales have been held regularly at Doncaster since the 1860s, and as far back as 1828 Tattersalls held dispersal sales there, but for horses of all ages.

The amenities at Newmarket are superior in every way. Not only is it easier for most people to get at, but accommodation for the horses is much better. About 100 new roomy loose boxes, all lined with cedar, have been added to the stabling, the paddocks seem more spacious, and the catering arrangements are excellent. There is a well-stocked snack bar, freshly-cut sandwiches are available in the main bar, and a good sit-down lunch is served in the big airy dining-room. This has high french windows curtained with long wine-red velvet curtains and French-grey painted walls, on which hang oil paintings of famous racehorses. For early arrivals breakfast is served here, and dinner for those who have to stay late, as the sales which begin at 9.30 go on until after 7 p.m.

At Doncaster the sales took place only before and after racing; at Newmarket they go on all through the day with one hour interval for lunch, so that nearly 350 lots were sold in two days.

### How the prices soared

I was up there on the first day, which was warm and sunny, in time to see the National Stud yearlings come up for sale. Only three of the seven reached four figures and the top price of the batch was 2,200 guineas paid by the Anglo-Irish Bloodstock Agency for a chestnut colt by Mossborough (sire of the great Ballymoss) out of Cretan Belle. Later 12 yearlings came up from Mr. Clifford Nicholson's stud; of these, Capt. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort gave 3,600 guineas for a good-looking chestnut colt, Gamekeeper II, by Sunny Boy III out of Machan, and Mrs. C. Evans (Camille Clifford) bought a Honeyway colt out of Meadow Grass from the same stud for 3,100 guineas.

Top price of the morning was 7,100 guineas for the nice chestnut colt by the veteran Hyperion out of Niobe II, sent up by the Tally Ho Stud which Mrs. McCall runs in

## The Autumn Fashion Number

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE: The Tatler's Autumn Fashion Number. Ten pages of fashion pictures, plus an article by Maureen Williamson on the latest trends, colour illustrations, &c. **ALSO:** An About-Town Diary by **Monica Furlong**



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## The 'Little Season'

JENNIFER'S LIST  
IS ON PAGE 512



# Other People's Babies



Fayer

Above: LUCINDA CRAIG-HARVEY, three, youngest daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Andrew Craig-Harvey, Chapel St., London, S.W.1

Left: ARABELLA MARY CHRISTIAN CURREY, after her christening at Megginch Castle, Perth. With her is her brother Robert. They are the children of Lt. & Mrs. A. C. Currey, Titchfield



Fayer

ANDREW BILLEN, six months, son of Mr. & Mrs. R. A. Billen, Whitelands House, Cheltenham Terrace, Chelsea

Ireland; this was knocked down to Mr. Ron Smythe on behalf of Mr. F. A. Laker. A beautiful brown filly by Nearco out of Teen Age from the same stud brought some brisk bidding and finally went to Major Holliday for 7,000 guineas. Later Mr. Laker paid top price of the day, 9,100 guineas, for one of the best-looking yearlings in the sale. This was a brown colt by Botticelli out of Honey Hill from Mr. E. Cooper Bland's stud.

Top price at the sales, 14,000 guineas, was given by Mr. Vincent O'Brien on behalf of Mr. J. McShain, the American owner, for a colt by Never Say Die out of Mixed Blessing. The sales, which reached nearly £500,000 in the two days, were the best since 1955 and nearly £100,000 up on 1957. So the move to Newmarket has proved a success.

## A contingent from Limerick

I saw the Earl of Dunraven who had sent over nine yearlings from his Fort Union Stud in Co. Limerick. His Solonaway-Cottesmore colt fetched 4,300 guineas. Also: Mrs. Duncan MacKinnon, cool in a red-and-white check dress, Sir Henry d'Avigdor-Goldsmid, M.P., Cdr. & Mrs. Peter Fitzgerald, and the Hon. Mrs. George Lambton who also all had yearlings in the sale. Sir Victor Sassoon watched the National Stud yearlings sold, sitting between his trainer Mr. Noel Murless and Mrs. Peter Burrell who manages the National Stud. Others there on the first day were Col. & Mrs. Harold Boyd-Rochfort, Capt. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort, their nephew Mr. David McCall, Lt.-Col. Adrian Scrope, the Earl of Harrington sitting with his aunt Mrs. Geoffrey Brooke, Mrs. Charles Mills who came with the Countess of Derby, the Hon. Richard Stanley, Mr. Jack Thursby, the Marchioness of Cambridge, Sir Eric & Lady Ohlson, and Lord & Lady Hothfield. Also: Mr. & Mrs. John Rogerson and her niece Mrs. Thomson Jones, Lord & Lady Irwin, Mrs. Evan Williams, Mr. Jack d'Eath, Mrs. Bob Hoare, the Earl of Coventry, who told me he was enjoying his first visit to the bloodstock sales, the Hon. Mrs. John Coventry, Miss Monica Sheriffe and her trainer Mr. Jeremy Tree (he paid 5,500 guineas for a Court

Martial filly from the Worksop Manor Stud), Mr. Charles Hughesden who bid for several lots with his trainer Mr. Nelson, Sir Humphrey de Trafford with his son-in-law and pretty daughters Mr. and Mrs. Fulke Walwyn and the Hon. Mrs. Max Aitken, Miss Jane Clayton, Mrs. Durham Matthews in charge of the Red Cross on duty here, and Miss Vivien Jarvis in her V.A.D. uniform.

## Two lucky visitors

I also noticed Miss Norah Wilmot, Mrs. Scott-Miller, Brig. & Mrs. Willy Wyatt, Robert Morley who bought a yearling, Col. & Mrs. Tony Cooke, Mr. & Mrs. Levins Moore (the latter attractive in a pink linen dress), Mr. Sandy Scratchley, and Mr. & Mrs. John Thouron. The Thourons, over from Florida, travelled by sea and were fortunate in sharing with two friends the winning tickets in the ship's pool on four consecutive nights. With their winnings they decided to buy a yearling. Let us hope their luck continues and it proves a winner!

Going round the stables looking at yearlings to be sold later were Lord Porchester, Mr. William & Lady Belinda Dugdale, Capt. Geoffrey Brooke, Sir Gordon Richards, Sir John & Lady Musker, that successful young trainer Mr. Arthur Budgett and his wife, Mr. Philip Dunne, Mrs. Gordon Houghton, Mr. & Mrs. Walter Nightingale and Dr. & Mrs. Leonard Simpson who are new recruits to the list of owners.

## A classic bride

The first bride of the autumn season was Miss Heather Turner Laing, daughter of the late Lt.-Cdr. G. A. Turner Laing, R.N., & Mrs. Hubert Raphael. She married Mr. David Salmon, son of Sir Cyril Salmon & the late Mrs. Cyril Salmon, at Holy Trinity Brompton. Walking slowly up the wide aisle with her stepfather, Mr. Hubert Raphael, she made a beautiful picture in her Victor Stiebel wedding dress, with a bouquet of white orchids and roses, and lilies-of-the-valley.

She was attended by a page, Christopher Raphael, two child bridesmaids and four older bridesmaids. The little girls were

Joanne Raphael and Dinah Breckell, and the older ones Miss Wendy and Miss Sally Raphael, Miss Angela Dance and Miss Belinda Stent.

After the ceremony the bride's parents gave a reception at Claridge's where they received the guests with the bridegroom's father and stepmother.

## The ushers' hands were full

Mr. Richard Lund was the best man and the bride's brother Mr. Graham Turner Laing was one of the busy ushers. Among the 400 guests were the bridegroom's grandmother Mrs. Montague Salmon, his godmother Mrs. Sydney Vander Felt, Col. R. H. Quill, an old friend of Heather's family, who proposed the health of the young couple, Mrs. George André over from New York, Lady Marks looking fit after a month cruising quietly in the Mediterranean with Sir Simon Marks, Mrs. Terence Maxwell, Sir Guy & Lady Salisbury-Jones (their daughter Mariette who is marrying in December), Mrs. David Maitland Makgill Crichton, Mr. & Mrs. A. J. Maitland Makgill Crichton, Sir Louis Gluckstein, Mrs. Stent and Sir Robert & Lady Speed.

Other members of the legal world present were Lord & Lady Cohen, Mr. Justice Donovan & Lady Donovan, Mr. Justice Glyn-Jones & Lady Glyn-Jones, and Mr. Justice (Edmund) Davies. Also at the wedding I saw Mr. Bobbie & the Hon. Mrs. Burns, Sir Westrow & Lady Hulse, Lady Swinfen, Lady Sheila Durlacher, her daughter Elizabeth, Brig. & Mrs. Hugh Leveson Gower, Viscountess Vaughan, Lady Pulbrook who did the lovely flowers at the reception and the bouquets, Mr. & Mrs. Stephen Raphael, Mr. Edward Raphael and Lady White-Smith.

## Off on holiday

I am now leaving for a short holiday on the island of Ischia (where I hope to find sunshine), and will be resuming my Journal in The TATLER of 8th October. During my absence Monica Furlong, who writes so amusingly, will provide a gay and witty commentary.



*Polo at Toulston**Midnight steeplechase in Dorset*

The Portman Hunt club held a midnight steeplechase and barbecue at Hemsworth farm, near Wimborne. Above: Mrs. R. Woodhouse, Mr. Sebag-Montetiore, Major Reynolds and Major A. G. Moore



Many of the riders wore night clothes. Above: Viscountess Cranborne, who was one of the competitors, with her husband (he is the Marquess of Salisbury's son). They live at the Manor House in Cranborne



Col. Mitchel, Mrs. Richard Norman and Mr. J. Highmore



Mr. Michael Tory, Miss Gill Pearce and Mr. Peter Hooper



Miss Pat Applin and Mr. David Lockyer (he had spent the day racing in his yacht)



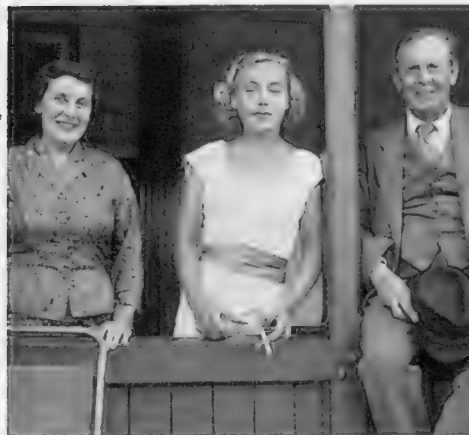
Victor Yorks  
Mr. John Woodhouse, secretary to the Portman Hunt, and Mr. & Mrs. John Felton



The Catterick polo team won the Durham Light Infantry Cup at Toulston Polo club. They beat Normanby. Above: Gen. Sir Roy Bucher and Major J. Rice



Major M. G. Moule, Major J. O. Collingwood and Lord Gisborough



Mrs. J. Bell, Mrs. G. A. Main-Prize and Mr. M. Asquith

Mrs. C. Spalding, Mrs. C. Gifford and Miss R. Gifford







GAY FOSTER (DEC. 9)



SUSAN AUBREY-FLETCHER (OCT. 16)



DEBORAH JOWITT (OCT. 7)



GEORGINA HOME-ROBERTSON (SEPT. 27)

## The 'Little Season'

Jennifer lists the autumn social schedule

FESTIVITIES are still going on in the north. Last night there was the Northern Meeting Ball at Inverness and tonight the Seaforths and the Camerons are holding a ball also at Inverness. Today the three-day Western Meeting (always a very social event) begins at Ayr, and next week there are Perth Hunt Races with the two Perth Hunt Balls and the Angus Ball. These usually end the Scottish season. A number of young people, however, will be moving south this week for the two balls being given in Yorkshire. On Friday next, 19 September, the Hon. Mrs. Lane-Fox is giving a dance for her daughter Miss Marcia Lane-Fox at Bramham Park, and on Saturday Mrs. Everard Radclyffe is giving one at Rudding Park for Miss Susan Radclyffe.

There are a few more country balls arranged before the Little Season opens in London the first week in October. Two on Friday, 26 September, one to be given by Mrs. Guy Chamberlin for Miss Penelope and Miss Susan Chamberlin, near Newbury. The other one is being given jointly by Lady (Alexander) Sim, Mrs. Peter Pitt, Mrs. Nettlebladt Roberts and Mrs. Harold Barham, at Glassenbury Park, Cranbrook. The following night there are also two dances. Lady Prudence Loudon is giving a small one for Miss Annabella Loudon at Olantigh, Wye in Kent, and Mrs. Home-Robertson of Wedderburn one for Miss Georgina Home-Robertson, at Paxton House, Berwickshire. Then we start the little season, which this year has a record number of more than 30 débutante dances, many of them in London. The first is on Monday, 29 September, when Mrs. G. F. McKay gives one for her daughter, Miss Margaret McKay, at 23 Knightsbridge. Then the list is as follows:

### WEDNESDAY, 1 OCTOBER

Lady Hayter, Mrs. Dupree and Mrs. Christopher Hohler for Miss Teresa Hayter, Miss Delia Dupree, and Miss Olga Hohler at Mercers' Hall, Cheapside

### THURSDAY, 2 OCTOBER

Mrs. James Thomson will give a dance for her daughter, Miss Gillian Fleming, in the River Room at the Savoy

### FRIDAY, 3 OCTOBER

Mrs. Charles Wood for Miss Diana Wood at the Dorchester  
Lady Bacon and the Hon. Mrs. David Peel for Miss Lavinia Bacon and Miss Julia Peel, at Raveningham Hall, Norfolk

### SATURDAY, 4 OCTOBER

The Countess of Devon for her daughter, Lady Katherine Courtenay, at Powderham Castle, Devon  
Mrs. Roger Hall for Miss Diana Hall, at Glebe House, West Grinstead

### MONDAY, 6 OCTOBER

Mrs. E. Hardwick Moore, a small dance for Miss Jane Moore, at Quaglino's

### TUESDAY, 7 OCTOBER

Mrs. M. J. Barrett for her daughter, Miss Deborah Jowitt, at The Dorchester

### WEDNESDAY, 8 OCTOBER

Mrs. Hugh Ryder and Mrs. Adrian Gore for

their daughters, Miss Sarah Peto and Miss Belinda Gore, at the Hyde Park Hotel

### FRIDAY, 10 OCTOBER

Mrs. Craven-Smith-Milnes and Mrs. Ralph Turton for Miss Caroline Craven-Smith-Milnes and Miss Lavinia Turton, at the Hyde Park Hotel

### SATURDAY, 11 OCTOBER

Lady Hyde Parker, a dance for her daughter, Miss Elisabeth Hyde Parker, and for the coming-of-age of her son, Sir Richard W. Hyde Parker, at Melford Hall, Sudbury, Suffolk

### THURSDAY, 16 OCTOBER

Mrs. Aubrey-Fletcher for Miss Susan Aubrey-Fletcher at The Haberdashers' Hall, Staining Lane

### FRIDAY, 17 OCTOBER

Mrs. Cely Trevilian, a small dance for Miss Susanna Cely Trevilian, at Midelney Manor, Somerset

### SATURDAY, 18 OCTOBER

Mrs. T. Barneby for Miss Rosemary Barneby, at Hayford Hall, Devon  
Mrs. Andrew Atha, a small dance for Miss Amanda Atha at Broad Marston Priory, Stratford-on-Avon

### TUESDAY, 21 OCTOBER

Mrs. Villiers-Smith and Mr. Yule Elliott

for Miss Serena Villiers-Smith and Miss Gillian Elliott at Quaglino's

### FRIDAY, 24 OCTOBER

Mrs. Longland, Mrs. Herbert Hill, and Mrs. Guy Bedford for Miss Sabrina Longland, Miss Penelope Hill, and Miss Mirabel Bedford, at Stratford House, Stratford Place  
Mrs. Stuart Mander and Mrs. Ernest Godbold for Miss Jean Mander and Miss Hilary Godbold, at the Hyde Park Hotel

### WEDNESDAY, 29 OCTOBER

Mrs. S. Perry-Aldworth, a small dance for her daughter, Miss Stephanie Perry at the Lansdowne Club

### THURSDAY, 6 NOVEMBER

Lady Dulverton for her daughter the Hon. Marion Wills, at the Dorchester

### SATURDAY, 8 NOVEMBER

Lady Lilian Austin will give a small dance for Miss Rosemary Austin at Roundwood House, Micheldever, Hampshire

### SATURDAY, 15 NOVEMBER

Mrs. L. A. H. Wright for Miss Mary Wright, in Leicestershire

### WEDNESDAY, 19 NOVEMBER

Mrs. Edward Butler-Henderson and Mrs. Neil Henderson for Miss Penelope Butler-Henderson and Miss Jean Henderson, at the Hyde Park Hotel

### THURSDAY, 27 NOVEMBER

Mrs. Croker-Poole and Mrs. Roger Wethered for their daughters Miss Sally Croker-Poole and Miss Julia Stratford in London

### MONDAY, 1 DECEMBER

Lady d'Erlanger for Miss Minnie d'Erlanger at the Café Royal

### TUESDAY, 9 DECEMBER

Mrs. W. F. Barber will give a dance for her daughter, Miss Mary Barber, and for her son, Mr. David Barber, on his coming of age, at Lamb Close, Nottinghamshire  
Mrs. Peter Foster for Miss Gay Foster, at Claridge's

### WEDNESDAY, 10 DECEMBER

Lady Hargreaves for her daughter, Miss Sandra Johnson, in London

### THURSDAY, 11 DECEMBER

Mrs. Edward Peake for Miss Mariana Peake at the Hyde Park Hotel

### MONDAY, 15 DECEMBER

Mrs. Laurence Yorke for Miss Sonia Yorke at 6 Belgrave Square

### WEDNESDAY, 17 DECEMBER

Mrs. John L. Watney, a small dance for Miss Rosemary Watney, at Mercers' Hall, Cheapside

[Continued on page 514]





## The Harewood Horse Trials

Three-day Horse Trials were held at Harewood, the Yorkshire home of the Princess Royal, president of the trials (left with Mr. J. R. Hindley, chairman of the directive committee). Right: Mrs. B. M. Gundry, Mrs. Vernon Holt with Col. Moseley (of the jury of appeal)

Lady Margaret Drummond Hay (the Duke of Hamilton's sister) and Miss E. J. Neill



Miss D. Mason and the Hon. Mrs. D. Allhusen (her husband was second in the Trials)



Col. J. D. Riddick and Mrs. H. P. Willcox. She is the mother of Miss Sheila Willcox



Van Hallen

## The Heythrop Horse Show



P. C. Palmer

The Heythrop Hunt's horse show was held at Oddington. Above: Col. R. C. Barrow (one of the joint-Masters of the Hunt), Lord Ashton of Hyde, Lady Ashton of Hyde and Mr. Tom Bartlett



Capt. R. E. Wallace (another joint-Master of the Heythrop) and Mrs. R. Abel Smith (middle picture). Right: Mr. Bertie Hill, one of the judges (he rode in the last Olympic Games), and Mrs. T. Bulkeley





Below: **Lady Sarah Cadogan to the Hon. James Hugh Cecil:** She is the eldest daughter of the Earl & Countess Cadogan, Cadogan Square, Chelsea. He is the eldest son of Lord & Lady Rockley, Lytchett Heath, Poole, Dorset



Lenare



Yevonde

Above: **Miss Jennifer Anne Wright to Mr. James Sibbald Keppel-Palmer:** She is the elder daughter of Major & Mrs. G. T. Wright, The Manor House, Milton Abbas, Dorset. He is the younger son of Col. C. M. Keppel-Palmer, Majorca, & Mrs. Keppel-Palmer, of Pyeman's Way, Littlegreen, Berkshire



Barry Swaebe



Vandyk

Left, top: **Miss Patrician Monica Foster to Mr. John Christopher King:** She is the daughter of the late Lt.-Col. Kingsley Foster, & of Mrs. Foster, Hampton Court Palace. He is the only son of Sir James & Lady King, Old Rectory, Netherbury

**Dr. Maureen Anne Tudor to Dr. Michael Dulake:** She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. J. C. A. Tudor, Hazlewell Road, Putney. He is the elder son of Dr. & Mrs. L. Dulake, The White House, Blanford Road, Reigate

The **Hunt Ball** season also begins with a few balls before Christmas. The early ones include:

FRIDAY, 21 NOVEMBER

*The V.W.H. (Cricklade) Hunt Ball in the Officers' Mess at the South Cerney Aerodrome*

FRIDAY, 5 DECEMBER

*The Beaufort Hunt Ball at Badminton House*  
*The Warwickshire Hunt Ball at Coughton Court*

*The Eridge Hunt Ball, in the Elizabethan Barn, Tunbridge Wells*

SATURDAY, 6 DECEMBER

*The Cottesmore Hunt Ball at Burley-on-the-Hill*

FRIDAY, 19 DECEMBER

*The Berkeley Hunt Ball at the Bell Hotel, Gloucester*

As with private dances there are many **charity and subscription balls** during the little season. They include:

WEDNESDAY, 1 OCTOBER

*Quaglino's Ball. (Opening of new banqueting suite) in aid of the Council for Music in Hospitals and Ex-Services Mental Welfare Society. Tickets—Miss Edwards, 2A Trebeck Street*

THURSDAY, 2 OCTOBER

*The Challoner Club Ball at the Dorchester. Tickets—The Secretary, 61 Pont St., S.W.1*

FRIDAY, 3 OCTOBER

*Ball in aid of St. John Ambulance Brigade (Berkshire Branch) at the Guards Boat Club, Maidenhead. Tickets—Lady Joubert de la Ferte, St. John House, 101 London Road, Reading*

MONDAY, 6 OCTOBER

*Ball in aid of British Bobsleigh Funds at the Savoy Hotel. Tickets—Miss Edwards, 2A Trebeck Street, W.1*

TUESDAY, 7 OCTOBER

*The Age of Beauty Ball in aid of the British Empire Cancer Campaign at the Dorchester. Tickets from the Secretary of the Junior London Branch of the B.E.C.C., White Lodge, Devonshire Close, W.1*

THURSDAY, 9 OCTOBER

*Ball in aid of the Katherine Low Settlement at Hurlingham Club. Tickets—Mrs. Phillips, Corston, Taytor Hill, Portsmouth Road, Cobham, Surrey*

TUESDAY, 21 OCTOBER

*Sports Carnival Ball in aid of the Central Council for the Care of Cripples, at the May Fair Hotel. Tickets—Charles Scott-Paton, Esq., 28A Thurlow Road, Hampstead, N.W.3*

WEDNESDAY, 22 OCTOBER

*Ball in aid of the Dockland Settlements at the Savoy Hotel. Tickets—Mrs. Alan Selborne, Dockland Settlements, 164 Romford Road, Stratford, E.15*

THURSDAY, 30 OCTOBER

*The Hallowe'en Ball in aid of the National Adoption Association at the Dorchester. Tickets—Mrs. Plummer, 71 Knightsbridge, S.W.1*

FRIDAY, 31 OCTOBER

*Hallowe'en Ball at Tidworth House in aid of British Red Cross (Hampshire Branch). Tickets—Mrs. Clarke, Postgrove House, Andover*

WEDNESDAY, 5 NOVEMBER

*Firework Ball in aid of Pedro Street Settlement at the Savoy. Tickets—Miss Edwards, 2A Trebeck Street, W.1*

MONDAY, 17 NOVEMBER

*Ball in aid of C. of E. Children's Society and Children's Union at the Dorchester. Tickets from Mrs. Reginald Williams, 21 Launceston Place, W.8*

THURSDAY, 20 NOVEMBER

*The 500 Ball in aid of the British Rheumatic Association at Claridge's. Tickets from Miss Pinder, 11 Beaumont Street, W.1*

TUESDAY, 25 NOVEMBER

*Ball in aid of British Red Cross (London) at the Dorchester. Tickets—Miss Joyce Goodbody, B.R.C.S., 6 Grosvenor Crescent, S.W.1*

WEDNESDAY, 26 NOVEMBER

*Maple Leaf Ball at the Dorchester. Tickets—Mrs. Marcus, c/o Canadian Women's Club, 55 Sloane Street, S.W.1*

WEDNESDAY, 3 DECEMBER

*Snow Ball in aid of the Greater London Fund for the Blind at the Dorchester. Tickets—Lady Chesham, 2 Wyndham Place, W.1*

THURSDAY, 11 DECEMBER

*The Liberal Ball at Grosvenor House. Tickets—The Secretary, Liberal Social Council, 58 Victoria Street, S.W.1.*

FRIDAY, 12 DECEMBER

*Cresta Ball in aid of the St. Moritz Tobogganing Club at the Savoy Hotel. Tickets—Cresta Ball Secretary, 7 Berkeley Street, W.1.*

MONDAY, 15 DECEMBER

*Downside, Ascot and Ampleforth dance in aid of the Scholarship Funds, at the Dorchester. Tickets—Miss French, 5 Sloane Street, S.W.1*





Alan



## NEWS PORTRAITS

**PREPARE** Herbert Machiz, founder of New York's Artists' Theatre, is directing the London production of Tennessee Williams's *Garden District* (two plays) at the Arts Theatre Club. Mr. Machiz is shown rehearsing Beatrix Lehmann (*left*) and Patricia Neal who have the leading parts in *Suddenly Last Summer*, one of the two Williams plays. Mr. Machiz produced it off-Broadway

Angus McBean



**PROMISE** Valentine Dewar, 14, of Roedean School, was one of the youngest competitors in the Girls' Golf Championship at Cheltenham. Her mother captained the Scottish girls' team in the international against England. The English girls won by seven matches to two

**PERFORM** Regina Resnik, the American mezzo-soprano, is to open Covent Garden's autumn season singing Princess Marina in Moussorgsky's *Boris Godounov*. The opera will be sung in Russian for the first time there, with Bulgaria's Boris Christoff, the famous bass

D. R. Stuart







## There's personality to a pier

... and this is a profile of that living structure and its changing seasons

by CARYL BRAHMS

FOR A TIME I lived with a pier. It spindled out to sea to the left of the walk across the cliffs, a white and gold charmer with highly improbable oriental shapes on a pulled-out iron spider's web. At night the shapes were outlined in tantalising points of light that never counted out to the same grand total.

In winter one acquired something of a reputation for hardiness on one's tousled return from a walk to the end of the pier. The wind and the sting of salt in the air was enough to place one anywhere between Christopher Columbus and Captain Scott. But in the summer the pier ceased to exist in the eyes of the people who lived in the houses on The Leas.

For a time the pier was a part of my daily life like the nothingness where sea and skyline merged or the tide which was either in or out or possibly on the turn, which mattered only when one was on it or in it. Then life picked me up and put me down in a city, and tides and turnstiles ceased to be my concern. And now, when I see a pier, it is as a convalescent from overwork or influenza.

Like everything in the amusement industry piers fascinate me—they are the classic escape from our old-world and insular form of escape, the English seaside resort. I even like them in the early spring when they are crawling with workmen, painting

this and hammering that. When the fun arcades are empty, and the try-your-skill machines at rest.

The waxen face of Beersheba the Seer of the Middle East, peers coyly out at no one. But her plaster yashmak still conceals her penny-a-card character-readings. A coin in the slot will yield the fascinating information that you have a hasty temper (all too true) and that your talent for friendship with members of the opposite sex is not appreciated to the full owing to your diffident disposition. And on the odd sunny day, pale people, in chairs set in a sheltered spot, will turn their faces hopefully to the sun. And down on the pier-head landing stage fishermen swing and cast and wind and sometimes even catch. And you can look back to a bright but tiny town and maybe a delicate Regency bandstand on the pint-sized green.

Come a grey day and you seek the solace of the glass-roofed tea saloon—it smells of beer and cockles and you are the only customer.

Behind the mahogany bar, banging things, will be a waitress built on generous lines.

"Never a dull moment in the season, dear, but out of season it's what I call dreary!" confides the lady with the visible statistics.

But your pleasure piers are really made for summer. That is when they come most fully into the breezy, rattling, raucous life

that so much pains the dwellers on The Leas. That is when the sideshows coin money and children with bright pink faces run howling round in search of an errant Mum, last seen dancing with a brand new uncle on the sun-deck, or a bunch of teenage kids in jeans, with angry hair-dos and hypnotic swaying hips, feed sixpences to the voracious juke box so that the voice of Elvis may rule the waves.

The pier pavilion, which was turned into a roller skating rink before it was turned back to a theatre, provides the local rep. in *Hay Fever*. The ghost train rolls and rattles. The dodge 'ems bump and clatter and collide. The fortune teller coughs her wheezy coughs and extends her grimy claws and concentrates upon the lines of your by now equally grubby palm—the fee's five shillings—you could consult the crystal ten and six and a lot more coughing but is it worth it?

The piermaster, in gold braid, proceeds to the pierhead to superintend the making-fast of whatever belle is swanning up to the landing stage. He looks less like Alec Guinness than the cinema has led one to expect.

A drifting and disinterested procession disembarks and straggles down the pier, past the joy glide, under the Regency arches, still in their plastic raincoats, sated with pleasure, slow to get their land-legs back after three hours of life on the ocean wave. Still in a dream of Clacton, Felixstowe, they

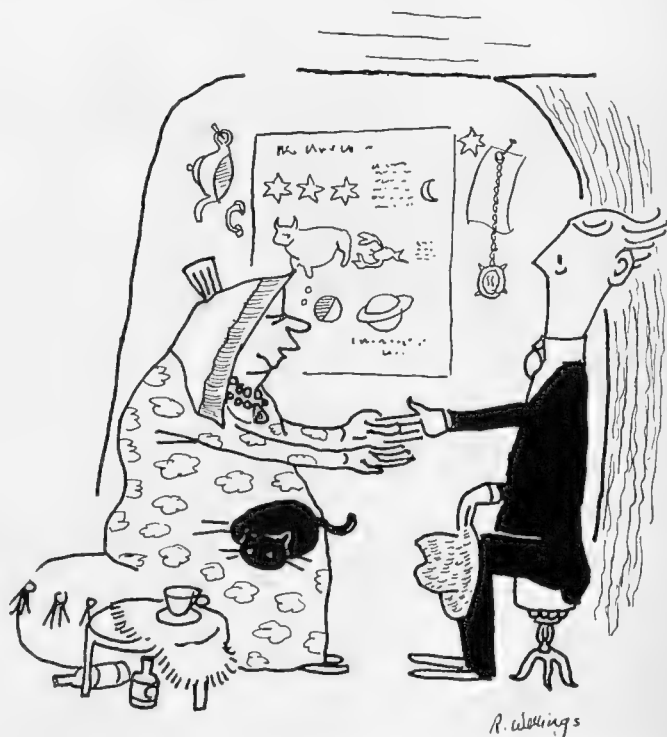
## *I always fall for it!*

by FRANCIS KINSMAN

*The palmist sat in a hut on the pier,  
She was old and arthritic, and smelt of beer,  
She took my hand in a clammy grasp,  
She peered at it closely, and uttered a gasp:*

*"Your Line of Life is beautifully long,  
Your Head and your Heart are both beautifully strong,  
Your Grand Quadrilateral is spangled with stars,  
And look at that glorious Mount of Mars!"*

*"You've a Cross Mystique with a Double Band—  
It's a joy to read such a happy hand!  
Your fate, young man, is empty of dangers,  
But you're apt to be taken in by strangers—  
That'll be thirty bob!"*





# BRIGGS by Graham



pass through the turnstiles in search of somewhere to sit down, safe on dry land, saving the pier to those that have the length left.

And anyway the pier is packed and everyone a customer.

And upstairs in the tea saloon the lady with the visible statistics is saying: "Never dull moment on a sunny day, dear. But when it rains. . ."

And then, and insidiously, it has become autumn, and the splendours and the squalors of the pier are wrapped in the mystery of a golden haze.

The trippers have receded with the tides. The prudent children from the houses on the Leas are back again—playing penny-in-the-slot football and whizzing opposing rindles round like mad; he who kicks the ball can be sure of getting his penny back.

It was in the autumn that I came upon Dick and Zoe and the fruit machines. They must have been respectively 10 and 12, and I knew their names because they called out to one another in glee or in despair. Every morning armed with their pile of pennies they would glue themselves to the fruit machines and play them turn and turn about trying to get identical lines of three. I asked them why they never patronized the other slot machines. Well-mannered tycoons, they broke off their operating instantly.

"It's the only one, you see, where you get a chance of doubling your ices money. . ."

Are whelks and winkles any less delicious than the snails and tender octopi of Villefranche? I wouldn't know—they're not my cup of tea.

But upstairs in the tea saloon the Hebe with the visible statistics is battenning for winter.

"Tata for now, dear—see you in the summer."

*Next week:*

**DOONE BEAL**



*We know how  
he feels!*

*Everybody has seen the sort of painting that seems to need looking at the other way up, but you need to be agile to copy this youngster's solution. He was looking at German entries in a St. Pancras exhibition of children's art.*





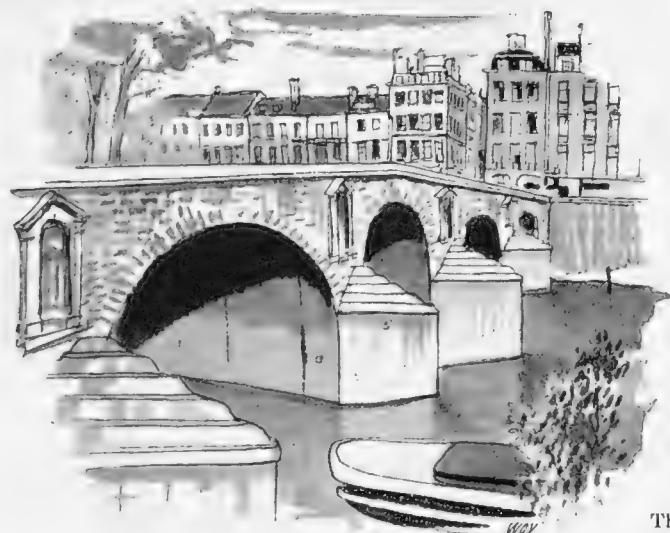
## PRISCILLA IN PARIS A MONTHLY REPORT

### THE LADY OF THE DOLLS...

The writer  
who orates...

### THE PRODIGY LESS PIGTAILS...

The stars in  
the crush...



The Pont Marie on  
the Seine in Paris



Edwige Feuillère  
SHE'LL PLAY THE LEAD



Jean-Pierre Aumont  
HE'LL WRITE THE PLAY

YOU KNOW the saying about meeting everyone you know if you sit in the rue de la Paix long enough, well the same applies to Fouquet's, on the Champs-Élysées. This is an old, familiar haunt of the true Parisian. Not particularly thrilling for the casual visitor perhaps, but solidly, comfortably "the thing." It is there that one always runs across the friend that one has been longing to see for a long time without doing anything about it. My unexpected and happy meeting was with the *baronne* de Navacelle whom I had not seen for a long time. She was just back from Niort, a delightful little guide-book town in the Deux-Sevres. It boasts old churches, a romantic 12th-century castle, open-air swimming pools, pleasant hotels and good cooking.

The baronne had been spending a restful fortnight there. "But," she sighed, "one day was a little sad." Actually, "sad but charming" was her way of describing it. This was the funeral of 86-year-old Mme. Léontine. The whole town seemed to be in mourning. The flower-covered casket was followed, on foot, by hundreds of children. Most of them carried dolls and were accompanied by their mothers and grannies: . . . aye, and great-grannies too! For more than 60 years Mme. Léontine's clever fingers had doctored the dolls of Niort, and her tiny shop in the rue Basse was as famous as any beauty salon of the Faubourg Saint Honoré

in Paris. Up to the last days of her long life her gentle old hands mended broken arms and legs, remodelled little waxen noses, furnished bald pates with golden curls and painted fresh roses on pallid cheeks. I like to think that Mme. Léontine was a happy woman and that she will be remembered for a long time.

To return to the Champs-Élysées, however. The bright lights are not the only things of interest there. One can always follow whichever association of World War One veterans is starting off, at dusk, to walk up the avenue and revive the flame that burns under the Arc de Triomphe on the Unknown Soldier's grave. Another plaque, in memory of the combatants who fell during the liberation of Paris has recently been inaugurated. Minister André Malraux made a short and eloquent speech that was heart-warming to read. To read rather than hear. M. Malraux is a fine writer, a man of courage and quality, but when, as an orator, he flaps his hands and tremolos shake his voice, he is plain "ham." I respectfully suggest that he would do well to take lessons from actor Aimé Clariond who is one of the greatest, but most restrained, members of the *Comédie Française*.

The bright lights were brighter than ever for the gala opening of the autumn season at the Olympia, where Paris is applauding the return of the Platters and the "schoolgirl singer," Marie-Josée Neuville, who writes

[Continued on page 520]

### Andre Malraux

BETTER TO READ THAN HEAR

Karsh of Ottawa

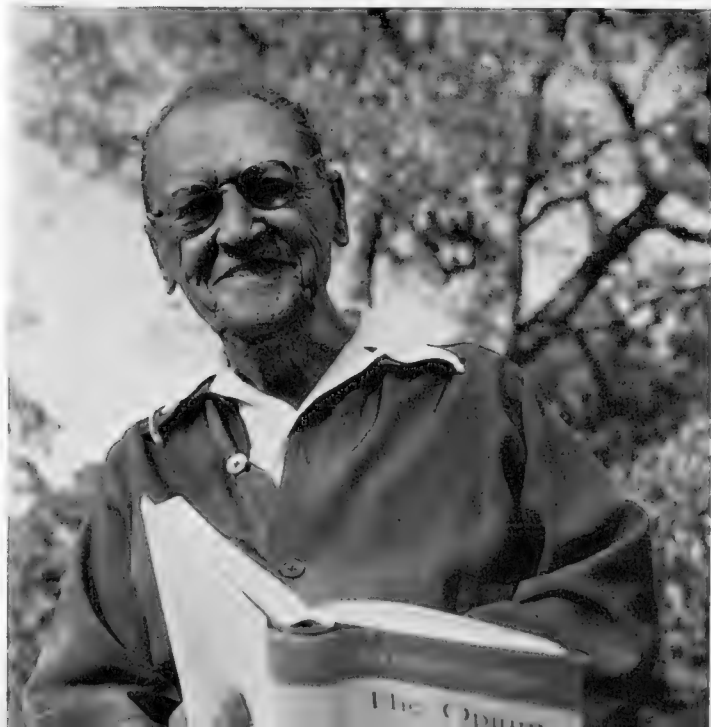






## *Eminent octogenarians on the Riviera*

Desmond O'Neill



RETIREMENT FOR THE AUTHOR  
AUTHORSHIP FOR THE AVIATOR

*Within a few miles of each other in villas on the French Mediterranean coast are Somerset Maugham, 84 (left), and Claude Grahame-White, 80 (above), the pioneer aviator. Maugham has just finished Points of View, the last book he will write. Grahame-White is beginning another—the memoirs of his exciting exploits in the days when pilots took their boots off to make the aircraft lighter!*



## STOKES JOKES



## Wedding of a judge's daughter



Miss Heather Turner Laing, daughter of the late Lt.-Cdr. G. A. Turner Laing, married Mr. David Salmon at Holy Trinity Church, Brompton



Sir Cyril & Lady Salmon, the bridegroom's father and stepmother, at the Claridge's reception. He is a High Court judge of Queen's Bench



Mrs. Norman Richards, wife of the Q.C., and Lord Cohen, a Lord of Appeal



Mr. & Mrs. Hubert Raphael, stepfather and mother of the bride

Miss Sally Probart-Jones and Miss Caroline Clive. Both are dress designers



Mrs. Alan Milne, wife of Cdr. Alan Milne, and her daughter Miss Tessa Milne



### PRISCILLA continued from page 518

her own songs. She is growing up, alas. School days are over and her two long pigtails have been shorn in celebration of her 20th birthday. The wide, 50-yd. long passage leading from the main entrance to the auditorium was packed with a slowly-moving throng of spectators. "First night" habitués reconvene in September and the Olympia is the happy meeting-ground of the younger generation of variety fans. Whether Ministers Bernard Chenot (Health) and Paul Bacon (Labour) can be considered either as habitués or as part of the younger generation is a moot point. They were really there on duty since the gala was given in honour of the various good works they represent. This meant that the Republican Guards (wearing their best white pants) were on duty, which always makes things festive. The arrival of Gina Lollobrigida, who has been in Paris filming Roger Vailland's *La Loi*, increased the crush. The inevitable fight for autographs took place.

The mobbing was more restrained for Jean-Pierre Aumont. His fans are not sure whether to admire him most as an actor, a film star or a dramatist. At the moment his forthcoming play: *Lucie et le Bonheur*, inspired by Irwin Shaw's novel, is eagerly expected. It will be produced at the Theatre de Paris with Edwige Feuillère in the leading rôle—and that is something to look forward to!

I enjoyed my evening at the Olympia. Paris loves her visitors but it is pleasant to see the natives returning to their favourite haunts. Greetings were hearty, the gossips gushed and columnists had a lovely time! Not quite so happy were some of our lovelies wearing those short, stiffly-flounced evening frocks that simply cannot be coaxed into an orchestra stall with any degree of comfort. If showman Bruno Cocatrix desires his patrons to dress for his premières he will be obliged to fit "club" armchairs, and put boxes back, into his theatre . . . or else come to an arrangement with the dress designers!

Many families are still not back from their estates. There is the shooting season to occupy them and the grapes must be crushed for the wine harvest. So, in the streets of Paris, one can still find parking space. They will only take on their customary air of barely controlled hysteria when we swarm to the polls on September 28. What a Sunday that will be!





## *The Palace Mews*

ALL LINED UP and ready for inspection. On the right are some of the greys, on the left the bays. Altogether there are ten greys and 20 bays in the Mews. Below: Cleaning-out by the grooms. The building was put up 133 years ago

*The only part of Buckingham Palace that can be visited by the public without invitation is the Royal Mews (in the south corner of the palace gardens, opening on to Buckingham Palace Road). Yet many do not know about this historic building, with its line of descent tracing back to Henry VIII and beyond. The present building was erected 133 years ago, but in Henry's time the stabling was on a Trafalgar Square site, where it displaced the royal falcons—hence the name (mew: cage for hawks). Despite the advent of cars there are still 30 carriage horses, all kept in the Mews—except during Ascot week when they go to Windsor*



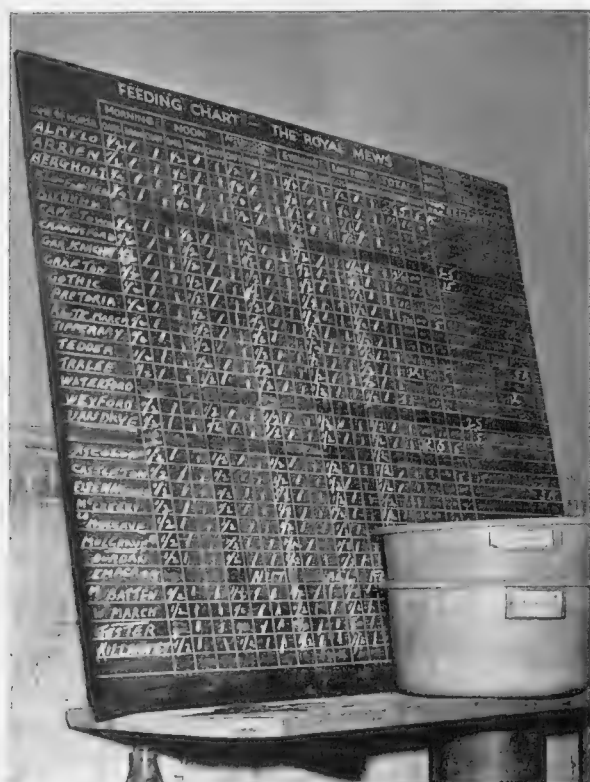




THE STATE OCCASIONS on which the horses are used mean crowds, and crowds mean noises. Banging of drums, clashing of cymbals, and waving of flags is part of training to accustom the horses to distractions. Left: Feed is handed out in individual dishes according to a chart

THE PALACE MEWS *continued*

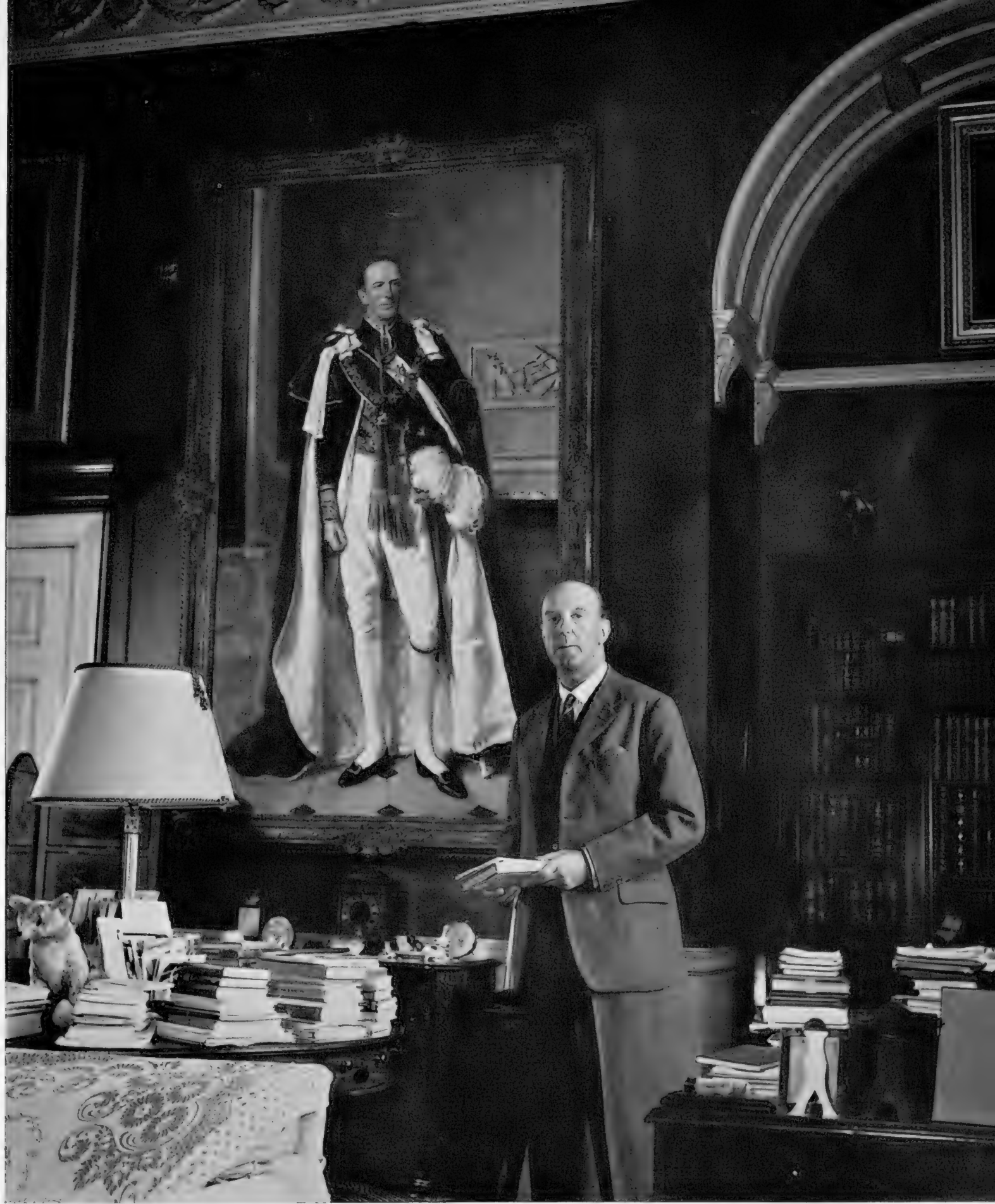
## *Training for pageantry*



HEAD COACHMAN Richard Joslin (top right) perches on box of State landau. Right: The messenger brougham sets out. This carriage makes a daily "milk-run" around Whitehall conveying State dispatches to and from Buckingham Palace







Barry Swaabe

LATEST HOLDER of an office that goes back to a John Russell under Richard II is the Duke of Beaufort. He has been Master of the Horse during three reigns. A keen horseman, he runs the Three-Day Trials at Badminton (his Gloucestershire seat) and was host to the Queen there this summer. His office is honorary and ceremonial (he rides in the procession at the opening of Parliament). The Household official in charge of the Mews itself is the Crown Equerry, Brigadier Walter Sale (wartime Commander of the 1st Household Cavalry Regt.)





THE TATLER  
& Bystander  
17 Sept. 1958  
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THE  
TATLER

# At Burnham's sailing week

Mrs. B. L. Blofeld,  
whose husband is secre-  
tary of the club. With  
her is Capt. Bill Barnes,  
secretary of the Royal  
Gibraltar Y.C.

The dancing . . . the people . . . the boats  
at the Royal Corinthian Yacht Club



Right: The Royal  
Corinthian's modern  
clubhouse, as seen from  
a yacht on the River  
Crouch



Left: Mr. G. D. Loyd  
and Mrs. Nicholas  
Lotinga with Lord Eliot,  
son and heir of the Earl  
of St. Germans



Right: Returning from  
their yacht Chittabob  
were Mr. Roy Mitchell,  
vice-cdre. of the club,  
Mr. Murray Walker  
and Mrs. Roy Mitchell



Left: Miss Julia Har-  
court and Mr. Jim  
Jesty, both of whom  
sail dinghies



Right: Callisto, with  
her owner Mr. W. H.  
Earley at the helm.  
With him are Mr. &  
Mrs. Dudley Rogers,  
Mr. Harold Barham,  
Mr. Ronald Alexander  
and Mr. Robert Hobson



Left: Col. H. T. B.  
Barnard, Mrs. W. S.  
Heath and Dr. J. E. Hill





Air-Cdre. B. L. Blofeld, C.B.E., secretary of the Royal Corinthian Yacht Club. With the Royal Burnham and the Crouch yacht clubs the Corinthian organized a full sailing programme. The seven groups raced for more than 20 trophies, as well as the usual prize-money

Dr. Brian Walker, Rear-Cdre. of the Royal Corinthian, & Mrs. Walker (seen at back), and Mr. John Waddington with Miss Diana Sorrell



Mr. & Mrs. J. Julian Dimock coming in to their moorings. The boat is the 505 One Design Class, "Fifi"

Van Hallan





## THEATRE

## Achievement at Stratford on Avon

by ANTHONY COOKMAN

Angela Baddeley as  
the Nurse in *Romeo &  
Juliet*

Michael Redgrave (Hamlet), Richard Johnstone (Romeo), Dorothy Tutin (Juliet), and Geraldine McEwan (Olivia)

I WONDER sometimes if the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford is given proper credit for the work it is doing. The obligations it has undertaken in recent years are, after all, largely self-imposed. It is a theatre in a little Midland town which, because Shakespeare was born there, has become for tourists, especially if they are American, the heart of England. From early spring till late autumn the motor coaches bring in the thousands who, theatre or no theatre, would mostly come anyway. They would come to see the Birthplace, which (as photographs show) has got bigger and better over the years, to admire the plain wooden simplicity and cleanliness of the Anne Hathaway cottage, or to make what they can of the barely discernible foundations of the great house in which the poet lived in retirement. It is from these tourists that the theatre gets its audiences. They are in a holiday humour. Almost anything in the way of a theatrical performance would give them pleasure; but what in fact they find is a performance which asks to be judged by the highest critical standards.

It is only when one comes to survey the season as a whole, and recalls the various productions as a single tapestry glowing with poetic splendour and romantic colour, that the faults that seemed so glaring on a first night are seen as rather small specks on a fine achievement. Mr. Michael Redgrave's Hamlet, for instance, issues a provocative challenge to those who have come to regard the prince as the type of man who cannot make up his mind. This new Stratford Hamlet has the quickest mind in the court. He makes lightning diagnoses of men and their motives, and it is by the very accuracy of these diagnoses that he moves mentally to disaster. For he is caught in the trap of events. His tragedy springs not from infirmity of will but from a situation which surrounds him with problems so many-faceted in their subtlety that only a stupid mind or a blunted moral sense would have any hope of simplifying them.

This reading differs considerably from that which Mr. Redgrave followed when he played the part eight years ago at Elsinore and at the Old Vic. He then found the causes of Hamlet's hesitation in a sweet but deeply melancholic nature. The present reading is driven home with more mature acting; but when the trap is about to close on the prince Mr. Redgrave re-conceives and brilliantly creates the serenity of his earlier Hamlet.

In Ophelia Miss Dorothy Tutin finds her most suitable Shakespearian part. Her Juliet is touchingly childlike. She never lets us forget that the heroine is only a fourteen-year-old with the fourteen-year-old's spontaneous self-abandonment to wonder and impatience and joy and grief and despair. She fairly flings herself at the part, intent on making it her own by sheer acting. This is only well enough as far as it will go. For her breathless eagerness hardly gives her time to speak what in the part must be conveyed by speaking rather than by acting. This is one of the specks on an otherwise delightful production by Mr. Glen Byam Shaw.

As Viola of *Twelfth Night* Miss Tutin is again the impetuous child, but the special joy of this production is the comic Olivia of Miss Geraldine McEwan. This is a most mischievous lady. She is amused at Viola's earnestness as Orsino's love ambassador, but she cannot herself resist the first thrill of a passionate intonation, and she is much surprised at her own surprising response to it. And even when she finds herself tangled in the net of an impossible misconception she preserves her sense of self-mockery. It may not be a very Shakespearian performance, but it makes its way with us in spite of that. Mr. Mark Dignam is an excellent Malvolio, one who is content that the presumptuous steward's fate should vindicate comic justice without making any special appeal to our sympathy.

Some Shakespearian purists were shocked by Mr. Tony Richardson's treatment of *Pericles*, but it left my withers unwrung. The first two acts of this piece are dull prologue to intermittent poetic magnificence, and in turning the first two acts into a musical fantasy and playing the succeeding scenes fairly straight Mr. Richardson, it seemed to me, left off his diverting producer's tricks just where Shakespeare seems to begin. The musical fantasy was given a unity of its own by the pretence that the tale of romantic adventures by land and sea was such as simple sailormen of a rowing galley might be induced to believe. Mr. Edric Connor, the West Indian actor, plays the singing narrator and the scenery devised by Mr. Loudon Sainthill exactly suits the naïve grandiosity of the sailor's fancies.

A season that gives so much to remember with affection speaks well for the integrity and sense of mission with which modern Stratford carries on its business.



# THREE CHOIRS *hold a festival*



The choirs of Gloucester, Hereford and Worcester Cathedrals held their combined festival at Hereford this year. Above: The Archdeacon of Hereford (The Ven. A. J. Winnington-Ingram), the Bishop of Hereford (the Rt. Rev. T. Longworth) and Mr. A. E. Farr, a member of the Hereford Council

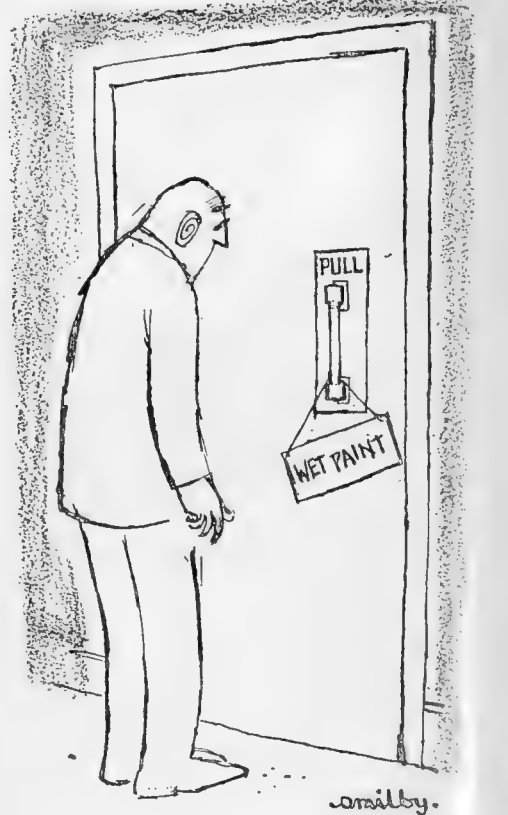
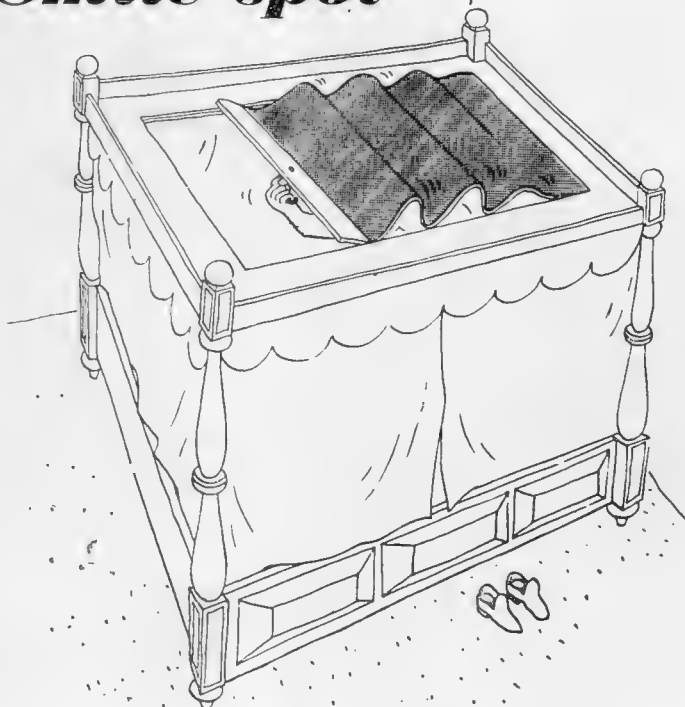
Below, left: Dr. Peter Taylor, of Leeds, with Mr. A. J. Fairlie, of Colwyn Bay (he was a steward). Centre: Mr. A. E. Rowe, Miss Marilyn Lewis, Miss Anthea Edwards and Mr. J. I. Johnson. Top, right: Mr. J. H. Lambert, a Lower Master at Eton, with Mr. E. Wulstan-Atkins (his father, Sir Ivor Atkins, helped to revive the festival). Second from top: Mrs. J. R. Peebles, of Hereford. She was a hostess. Third from top: Miss Linda Smith. Bottom, right: Mrs. B. Butcher, Mr. M. Boustead, Mrs. M. Statham

P. C. Palmer





## Smile spot



## RECORDS

# Why these long-playing omelettes?

by GERALD LASCELLES

**S**PECIALISTS in the art of salesmanship have long practised a game which I associate with the auctioneer—that of packaging in one lot several items which are individually a doubtful sales line. There is no trick in this device; it is simply a question of hanging sufficient bait on the end of the hook to tempt the unwary to bite. I cannot judge how often the biters return for more, but I suspect that their frequency varies inversely with the size of their bank balances.

For some reason the record companies think that jazz fans and collectors are more prone to accepting this particular form of bait than other music-lovers. At any rate the spate of selections seems as large as ever, and I am always amazed at the diversity of talent which is raked up to form them. In the long-player's early days the cult was excusable, if only because it was a legitimate way to explore the potential market. Today this excuse no longer applies, but the cult remains.

I dislike most the egg which contains a galaxy of instrumentalists, be they trumpeters, pianists, or bongo players. In no time we shall be subjected to an eggful of hot flautists, whose numbers increase almost daily. I loathe with equal intensity the mixture of widely varying styles and

vintages, unless there is some logical relationship. As a collector, these records set me enough filing and cataloguing problems to grey the hairs of the curator of the British Museum. Looking at the egg still from the collector's angle, I hate to see the tracks from a session broken up to provide the yolks. Too often it results in the most interesting tracks being released in such manner, leaving insufficient interest in the remainder to warrant their issue.

On the credit side, there are occasions when the works of a famous solo artist such as Louis Armstrong are grouped to make a

common bond—for example his accompaniments to several obscure blues-singers. Occasionally these miscellanies provide an opportunity of comparing closely the contrasting styles of certain instrumentalists, but more often the choice of soloists is too random to be of any value in this direction. The solution lies only in the hands of the record-buying public. Those who like their jazz in omelette form must rush for the pan that fries it.

Exceptions prove every rule, and I now note two recent miscellanies of varied interest. The first is "Trumpet Interlude," an Emarcy L.P. which features two "late greats," Frankie Newton and Hot-Lips Page. Jonah Jones, Joe Thomas, and Buck Clayton are also on the credit titles, joined by a rare pre-bop Gillespie effort. The second is on Vogue, the product of four sessions organized by the New Orleans Jazz Club and supervised by the venerable Dr. Souchon, one of jazz's most ardent devotees in the Deep South. The groups of Paul Barbarin, Bill Matthews, and Sharkey Bonano recall with contemporary recording quality the richness of the Dixieland style in its purist form.

## SELECTED RECORDS

|                      |                                 |                                           |
|----------------------|---------------------------------|-------------------------------------------|
| PAUL BARBARIN, etc.  | <i>Recorded In New Orleans</i>  | Vogue LAG12083<br>£1 18s. 3d.             |
| FRANKIE NEWTON, etc. | <i>Trumpet Interlude</i>        | Emarcy EJJ1276<br>£1 15s. 10d.            |
| ERROLL GARNER        | <i>Soliloquy</i>                | Philips BBL7226<br>£1 17s. 6½d.           |
| BOB BROOKMEYER       | <i>Traditionalism Revisited</i> | Vogue LAE12108<br>£1 18s. 3d.             |
| CHARLIE PARKER       | <i>Charlie Parker Perennial</i> | Columbia<br>33CS10117<br>£2 1s. 8½d.      |
| KID ORY              | <i>Ory's Creole Jazz Band</i>   | Good Time Jazz<br>LAG12104<br>£1 18s. 3d. |







## ME AND THE COLONEL

... is the title of the new Danny Kaye film. Left: the Colonel (Curt Jurgens). The Queen will see the charity première on October 27

INEMA

## Tobacco Road? Give me the sty!

by ELSPETH GRANT

THERE IS simply no accounting for tastes. "Some people," says Mr. Max Bygraves, "like sleeping on nails." This is no more astonishing to me than that Mr. Erskine Caldwell loves (or is alleged to love) the poor white trash who haunt his *Tobacco Road* and populate *God's Little Acre*. For myself, I can't abide 'em or the way they go on: cussin' and a-lustin', and a-bustin' one another's heads in, a-preachifyin', a-speechifyin', a-wallowin' in adultery, and above all a-hollerin'—they are too damn' earthy by half. Had I to choose between their company and that of a passel of hogs—brother, you'd find me right there in the sty.

Of course no film, and especially no film carrying an "A" Certificate, could give you the full flavour of Mr. Caldwell's novel but I dare say you will find this one pungent enough. It has Mr. Robert Ryan, whiskered and folksy as all get-out, roaring around as a humbugging old farmer down in Georgia who, for 15 years, has been digging for a treasure that his grandpappy told him was buried somewhere on his land.

Two sullen sons, Messrs. Jack Lord and Vic Morrow, help him dig. A teen-age daughter, played with enormous zest by Miss Fay Spain, has fun seducing an albino boy (Mr. Michael Landon) who has been brought in as a "gold-diviner." She is just crazy about men. The men, and Mr. Aldo Ray in particular, are crazy about Mr. Ryan's bosomy daughter-in-law, Miss Tina Louise—who smoulders slightly whenever Mr. Ray is mentioned or present.

Mr. Ray is Mr. Ryan's son-in-law and an out-of-work factory hand. He sneers at the

treasure-hunters, leers at Miss Louise, and dreams of restoring prosperity to the district by re-opening the local cotton mill. The fighting and yelling he causes in the family, even after he has been killed, distress Mr. Ryan, who just wants to make them all happy. After a real cosy consultation with The Lord, he decides the way to do so is to quit fooling with buried treasure and return to farming. Comes—and not a moment too soon—the happy and, to me, phoney ending.

That endearing Mr. Kenneth More is in excellent form in *Next To No Time*—an agreeable comedy directed by the late Mr. Henry Cornelius who, you may remember, launched Mr. More in *Genevieve*. An automation expert and shy with strangers, Mr. More is chosen by his firm to negotiate an investment deal with Mr. Roland Culver, a formidable financier, aboard the Queen Elizabeth.

He is not at all sure that he can do it but an Irish barman (Mr. John Welsh) persuades him that in the hour after midnight—the hour nightly lost on the westward run—*anything* is possible: buoyed up with new confidence and a few odd-looking drinks, Mr. More puts the theory to the test—and, begorrah, from the way he sweeps a film star (charming Miss Betsy Drake) off her feet and conducts the auction on the Queen Elizabeth's daily mileage, it looks as if the barman is right.

Mr. James Mason is a harassed ship's captain in *The Decks Ran Red*—a drama directed by Mr. Andrew L. Stone in the authentic setting of a genuine freighter in full working order. Mr. Mason has a tricky

situation to cope with: two seamen under his command aboard the S.S. Berwind, Messrs. Broderick Crawford and Stuart Whitman, are fomenting a mutiny. It is Mr. Crawford's ugly intention to get the men to murder the officers and then, with Mr. Whitman's help, to kill off the rest of the crew. This would leave the two conspirators in possession of the ship and a position to claim a half-million dollars in salvage money.

The plan nearly succeeds and the decks do indeed run red before Mr. Mason, suddenly discovering unexpected reserves of courage and ingenuity, is able to resume command. The story is said to be true. That's as may be—but I am sure no captain ever spoke the stilted lines that are Mr. Mason's unhappy lot, and I would bet no stewardess ever looked or dressed like Miss Dorothy Dandridge.

In *The Face Of The Cat*, Mlle. Francoise Arnoul, a seductive young person, appears as a member of the Maquis, operating in Paris in 1943. She is brave and she is trusted but she is very much a woman and this is her undoing. She falls in love with a Swiss journalist, Herr Bernard Wiki—at least, she believes him to be that. He is, in fact, a German officer. The German secret police, learning of his association with Mlle. Arnoul, whom they suspect of having stolen blue-prints of a new rocket, order him to continue the affair until he has learned from her the names of her Maquis colleagues.

Unaware that she has betrayed her friends to the enemy, Mlle. Arnoul is horrified when she is confronted with them at the Abwehr headquarters where they will be held for execution. At Herr Wiki's instigation Mlle. Arnoul is allowed to go free. She is at once shot dead by the Maquis chief—M. Bernard Blier, giving his usual impeccable performance.

*The Crimson Curtain (Le Rideau Cramoisi)* is a strangely beautiful little film which attracted the *Homage Special du Jury* at the 1958 Cannes Festival. It is acted in complete silence while a narrator recounts, in English and the first person, the story of a handsome young French officer (M. Jean-Claude Pascal) quartered on a rich bourgeois couple in a small garrison town.

He meets their daughter (Mlle. Anouk Aimée), an apparently cold, unapproachable beauty who nevertheless throws herself at him. To visit him in his apartment at night, she has to pass through her sleeping parents' bedroom. As she lies in his arms one night she suddenly dies. What can the wretched young man do? Nothing. The film ends as abruptly and mysteriously as the affair between the young people and hangs in the mind like a dreamy question-mark.

### THIS WEEK'S FILMS

**GOD'S LITTLE ACRE**—Robert Ryan, Aldo Ray, Tina Louise, Buddy Hackett, Fay Spain, Rex Ingram. Directed by Anthony Mann.

**NEXT TO NO TIME!**—Kenneth More, Betsy Drake, Roland Culver. Directed by Henry Cornelius.

**THE DECKS RAN RED**—James Mason, Dorothy Dandridge, Broderick Crawford. Directed by Andrew L. Stone.

**THE FACE OF THE CAT**—Francoise Arnoul, Bernard Blier, Bernard Wiki. Directed by Henri Decoin.

**THE CRIMSON CURTAIN**—Anouk Aimée, Jean-Claude Pascal. Directed by Alexandre Astruc. "X" Certificate.



# We chose this in Paris

... for its air of Grecian elegance and the exotic touch of its leopard-skin girdle. Gown of white jersey for enchanted evenings. Available towards the end of September from the Gainsborough Room.



Photographed especially  
for Debenhams by Peter Clark  
in the Hotel George V

Pierre Balmain at Debenhams

Debenham & Freebody Wigmore Street London W1. Langham 4444





# TWEED

## comes up from the country

Once just a homespun fabric, tweed is now metropolitan and accepted high fashion, demanding the smartest accessories

Oatmeal tweed, flecked with red and lined with scarlet wool, looks right for an autumn day in town. Worn casually it fits equally well into the countryside. The back, which has an open pleat, falls from a yoke. This Harry B. Popper model can be bought at Fortnum & Mason, London, and Nola Gowns, Chester. The price : about £48. Accessories : Trikki's hat, from Swan & Edgar, Piccadilly (£3 10s.), Ascher's silk scarf



PHOTOGRAPHS BY  
PETER ALEXANDER



# TWEED COMES TO TOWN

*continued*



Blousons in lightweight toning fabrics are the most popular additions to today's suits. Arrow's model suit (*left*) in a brown/black rough tweed flecked with white has a top (*above*) made of a matching tweed. At all branches of Chanelle, London, and at McDonald's, Glasgow. Price: about 29½ gns. Trikki's hat (about £3 9s. 6d.) at Dickins & Jones, London



White tweed is excellent for wearing in smart places when there is winter sunshine but still a nip in the air. Matita's slick little suit in bouclé tweed has a separate stole lined with olive green wool. At Woollands, London, and Peggy Cross, Birmingham. The price : about 32 gns. Trikki's felt hat (about £3 9s. 6d.) at Peter Jones, Sloane square



TWEED  
COMES  
TO  
TOWN



# Down by the river

Among the waterside taverns of Strand-on-the-Green life is lived casually by London's river folk and there tweeds blend happily with the holiday atmosphere. Scottish herringbone tweed in donkey-brown and black is used for the dress (*opposite, top*) by Horrockses. It has a drawstring waist and a bloused bodice. At Woollands, London, and Cresta, Birmingham. Price: about 8½ gns. Jacqmar, of scarf and fabric fame, are now making lambswool twinsets in a range of 22 colours. They have tweeds and lambswool fabrics in toning colours. These can either be bought by the yard or there is a ready-made fully-lined skirt available (*opposite, bottom*). To complete

the picture silk scarves and squares dyed to exact matches can also be bought. The whole ensemble is obtainable at Jacqmar, Grosvenor Street, Bakers of Colchester, and Griffin & Spalding, Nottingham. Prices: the twinset, 89s. 6d.; the skirt ready-made 4 gns., or the tweed shown here, 32s. 6d. per yard; silk squares, 12s. 11d.; the scarf as photographed, printed with flower design, 29s. 11d. *This page:* In the archway of Post Office Alley at Strand-on-the-Green. A Fredrica dress in a bold-pattern tan-and-black tweed by Heather Mills. It has a scooped neckline and unpressed pleats. At Marshall & Snelgrove, London, and Joshua Taylor, Cambridge; about 10½ gns





New country shoes are light yet tough,  
sleek yet practical, comfortable yet eye-catching



*Left:* This sleek shoe in mellow teak calf is by C. & J. Clark. It is trimmed with a button at the side, and has a low leather heel. From D. H. Evans, W.1, and all Peter Lord's provincial branches. Price: 79s. 9d. in fittings AA, B and C. The stretch stockings are in single 30-denier by Nike. Price: 14s. 11d.

*Above:* The ever-necessary "lace-up" shoe. This one, by Church & Co., is in acorn-coloured aniline calf, with a leather heel and sole and stitching round the toe. In fittings AA, B and C. Price: about 5 gns. from James Allan, Edinburgh, and Waters, Truro. The stockings are by Morley in 30-denier crêpe (price: 9s. 11d.)

# Don't be a clodhopper!



*Right:* Another strong shoe in tan leather, this one by Bective. It is buckled at the side. The heel and sole are also in leather and the top of the sole is stitched. The shoe comes in a B fitting only. Price : 79s. 11d., from Welwyn Stores, Welwyn Garden City, and Walsh's, Sheffield. The crêpe stockings are Morley's in 30-denier

*Above:* Moccasin-type shoe by Holmes. It is as flexible and as light as anyone could wish. In buff-coloured suède (also in other colours). The throat is cut and elasticized underneath for comfort. In B fitting only from Jay's Oxford Circus, W.1. Price: 59s. 11d. The stockings are again Nike's single 30-denier stretch



# The Italian way with jersey

**J**ERSEY casual wear is one of the many luxuries of life that the Italians have brought to perfection. These examples were from the famous Italian knitwear house of Louisa Spagnoli, chosen at Debenham & Freebody, Wigmore Street, W.1, who have also provided the chic and colourful accessories.

A sheath dress in vivid midnight blue (*left*). It is softly gathered over the bust and hips, ideal for the older smart woman. It is knitted in fine wool jersey and comes in hip sizes 36 to 42, the skirt lined with taffeta. Also in pimpernel-red jersey. Price: 11 gns. The stitched white silk beret worn with it costs £6 16s. 6d. and the scarlet sportshide handbag 7 gns.

*Opposite and below:* A suit in midnight-blue fine jersey (available also in scarlet) in hip sizes 36-44. The skirt is lined with taffeta. The suit has a V-necked hip-length cardigan jacket (*below*), and costs 12 gns. The skirt can alternatively be worn with a contrasting brilliant red V-necked jersey jumper (which is also made in midnight blue), price £4 8s. 6d. The white silk scarf is spotted in navy blue and costs 11s. 9d. The gloves are by Kayser Bondor.

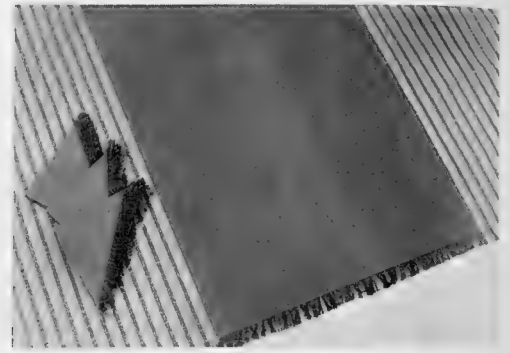
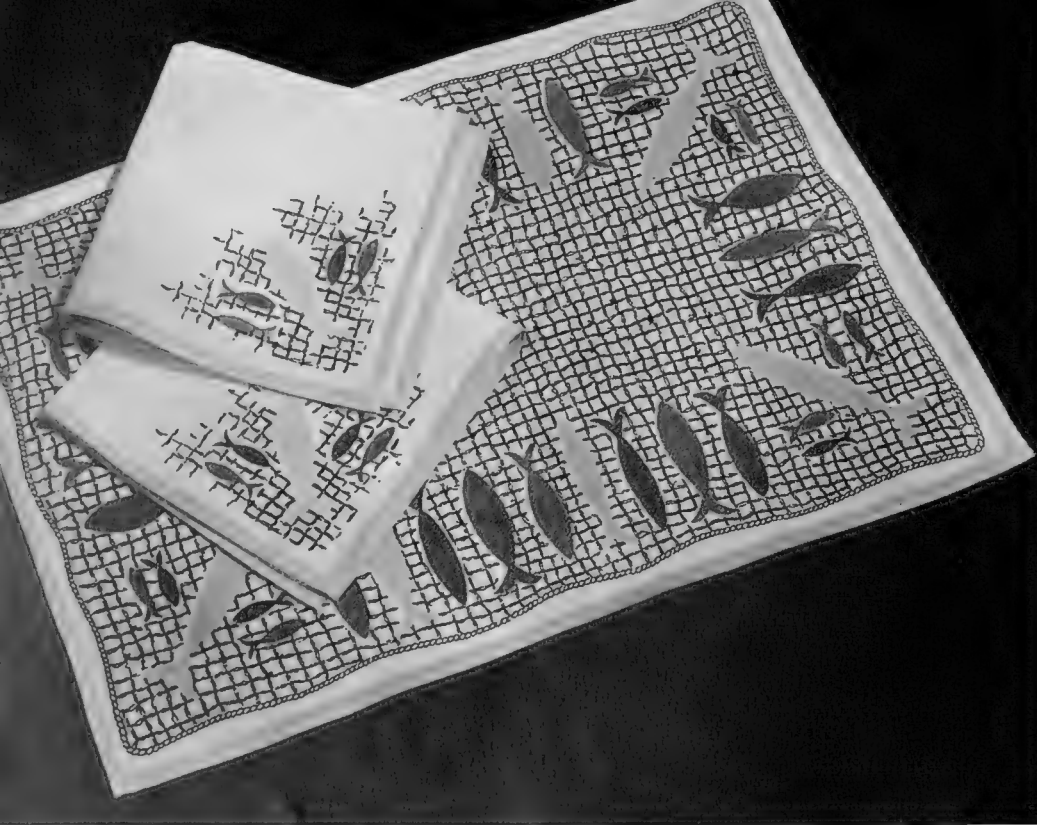


CHOICE FOR  
THE WEEK









This *Riviera* all-cotton striped cloth is made in five designs and two sizes (18s. 6d. and 25s. 11d.). Napkins to match are made in nine plain shades (1s. 11d. each). Woollands

A fish net pattern (*left*) decorates this set of mats and napkins in Irish linen (£2 7s. 6d. the set of eight mats and eight napkins). Irish Linen Stores Ltd.

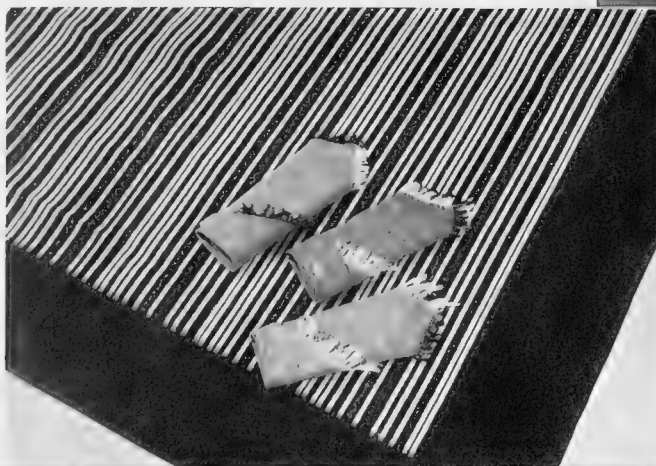
## SHOPPING

# Tops in table-tops

by JEAN STEELE

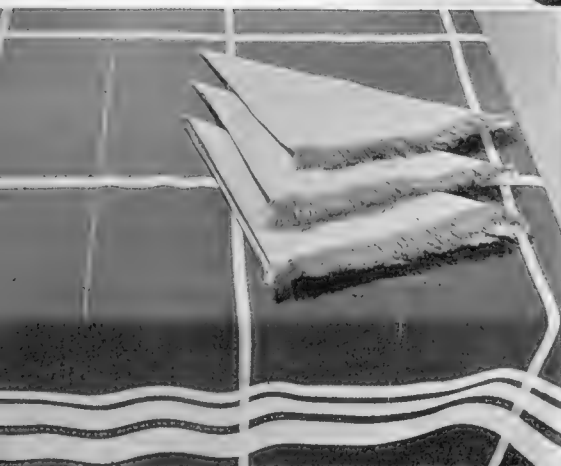


This "*Choice fruit*" all-linen cloth has four matching napkins (£1 15s. 6d. the set). Similar tea cloths are also made (4s. 11d. each). The Irish Linen Stores Ltd.



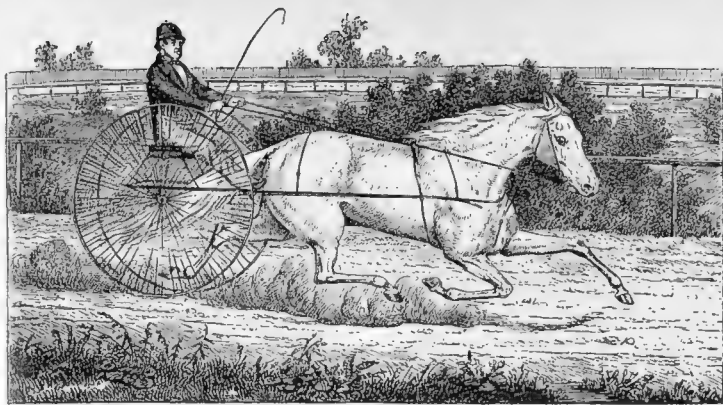
*Left:* A cotton cloth made in black with white cord stitching. It can be used with napkins of any colour. Size 52 in. by 52 in. (27s. 6d.). Woollands

Dennis Smith



*Left:* The *Cameo* cloth in linen and cotton, can be bought in one of four colours—flax, olive, pink or blue—with a white pattern woven in (large size 25s. 11d., small 18s. 6d., napkins 2s.). Woollands

*Far left:* Spun-rayon checked cloth with a crease-resisting finish. A Lurex gold thread is woven into the cloth which is sold in cardinal red, green or blue (12s. 6d. approx.). Woollands



## CHAMPION HORSE

Lady Suffolk, once a record-breaking trotter. From *The World's Best Horse* (George Allen & Unwin Ltd., 50s.) by Lady Wentworth, who died last year after long experience as a horse-breeder

### BOOKS I AM READING

## Ulysses retells his story

by SIRIOL HUGH-JONES

THE principal complaint against people who review books, among people who do not review them, is that reviewers are all cross-grained, acidulated persons who never read anything they actually like. So let me start this week by stating loud and clear that I like *The Voyage Home*, by Ernst Schnabel (Gollancz, 13s. 6d.), translated to beautiful English (but, unfortunately, American spelling, which always disturbs me unreasonably) by Denver Lindley. And you shared my disbelief that anyone (even Kirk Douglas) could make a new mark on the Odyssey, read this book and find new faith.

The Odysseus of *The Voyage Home* is a real man, not so much of a hero but already fast becoming a legend. He has beached, tired and perplexed, in the kingdom of Lausicaa's father and is about to fall in love for the last time. He remembers what has happened to him partly for his own benefit, partly for the sake of an inquisitive "near-sighted one" who is preparing, once his sight has completely gone, to write the Odyssey, nothing less. This is a poetic, haunting, shining book, complex and mysterious, yet at the same time simple, direct, and touching. An extraordinary book that must be read, wise, exciting, as compelling and fresh as a landscape seen sharply in a dream. (M. Lawrence Durrell makes one of the best Higher Reviewmanship ploys I have yet found. On one of those extra fly-away pieces of paper publishers run round the jacket—"... reminds one of de Nerval at his best.")

Jean Kerr, author of *Please Don't Eat The Daisies* (Heinemann, 10s. 6d.), is the wife of the excellent American dramatic critic Walter Kerr, and a funny writer in that deceptive, casual, look-what-just-came-into-my-head manner that reads so easy and isn't at all. She follows the golden rule of "write about what you know about"—which in her case is living with children and dogs, going to first nights, taking care of producers, not slimming, not decorating houses, being puzzled by glossy magazines. Just occasionally she makes me wish she

would stop being the off-beat but non-nonsense little woman struggling against life's odds and oddities and concentrate on being a parodist as sharp as a penknife, which she is. The great, cruel moment in her *Toujours Tristesse* runs: "Ah, how rewarding it is to share the bed of a really mature man. For one thing, there was the clatter and excitement four times a night as he leaped to the floor and stamped his feet in an effort to get the circulation going. My little pet name for him, now, was Thumper."

Anyway, my heart is already given to a writer who confesses to compulsive reading-habits: "The truth is that, rather than put a word on paper, I will spend a whole half-hour reading the label on a milk-of-magnesia bottle." One of these days someone is going to turn Mrs. Kerr into a book-reviewer.

This being Sunshine Week in the book column, I can go on to say I have a profound, if sometimes rather baffled, admiration for *Burden Of The Seed*, by Kathleen Sully (Peter Davies, 13s. 6d.), which has a superb, nightmare opening of 72 pages about the imprisoned childhood of a boy shut up in an old house with two weird and sequestered aunts. The rest of the book follows the emotionally crippled Stephanas through his unsatisfactory, drifting life and loves, and does not seem to me to come off as well as the tremendous beginning. Nevertheless, it is impossible to stop reading Miss Sully, who takes a vice-like Ancient Mariner's grip on your nerves and feelings, and is also at times funny with a sort of gentle, sardonic gallows' humour. She has an unjudging, clear-eyed tenderness for her characters and a stoic, almost jaunty courage in the face of the haphazard horror of quite ordinary life.

*The Diary Of "Helena Morley"* (Gollancz, 18s.) is a real diary, kept by a little girl in Brazil in the 1890s, between the ages of 12 and 15. The author is now 76, and looked out her diary chiefly for the benefit of her grandchildren (she has written nothing since except letters). The obvious comparison is with *The Diary Of Anne Frank*, but, as the translator notes, "its forced maturity and

closed atmosphere are tragically different from the authentic child-likeness, the classical simplicity and sunlight of this one." Helena Morley had a happy childhood in a poor family and a small town, and her anxieties were hunger, lack of clothes (she hates the shame of visiting rich cousins while wearing an old dress with mended lace), being plain, and the small sins of childhood, which cause her a deal of worry. She writes, with gusto, frankness and a real child's brilliance of vision, of the small details of her day-to-day life, about the black beans and the ironing, the cheating in the geography exam, her love for her grandmother (who had an enormous respect for the written word) and her envy of the girl who faints in church, revealing such pretty underwear. It is a delicate, cosy and enchanting book, as real as coffee and rice and fishing in the sunshine with a sieve.

*I've also been reading . . . The Golden Tree*, by Judith Listowel (Odhams, 21s.), the story of her brother and sister-in-law, aristocratic Hungarians, and their ultimate escape from their tragic country, a sad, detailed personal document of great interest. . . . *Sold For Silver*, by Janet Lim (Collins, 16s.), an equally harrowing story, made somehow even more pitiful by the artlessness of its narration, of a Chinese woman who is now matron of a hospital in Singapore after a short lifetime of appalling and savage hardship, sold as a servant at the age of eight, and later a prisoner of the Japanese. . . . *Odds Against Tomorrow*, by William McGivern (Collins, 10s. 6d.), a straightforward but extra-skilful bank-robbery-and-chase thriller that carries conviction and pace, persuading you it is about real people. . . . *Brief To Counsel*, by Henry Cecil (Michael Joseph, 12s. 6d.), silky-smooth, serpent-wise and funny practical hints on how to be a successful barrister (the thing all of us, except those who want to be successful surgeons, want to be), exquisitely illustrated by Ardizzone. . . . *Murder On A Monument*, by E. C. R. Lorac (Crime Club, 10s. 6d.), a jolly thriller about love and murder (the monument is the Vittorio Emmanuele wedding-cake), with plenty of local Roman background-colour. . . . *The Dog Who Wouldn't Be*, by Farley Mowat (Michael Joseph, 15s.), an endearing, joyous book about a boy in Canada and his dog who was in the habit of taking car-rides wearing dust-goggles, seated between two speed-crazy tame owls, and spitting cherry stones out between his teeth at passing cars. . . . *Venus In Sparta*, by Louis Auchinloss (Gollancz, 15s.), a smooth, craftily composed portrait of one of those American businessmen who seem to crop up in fiction these days, trying so hard to do the right thing and making dismal disasters of their sunless, unamused, solemn lives; the semi-hero is glum and grey, but the book is hypnotically readable. . . . and *The Savage*, by Noel Clad (Gollancz, 12s. 6d.), a lingering and extremely nasty thriller about a Red Indian working for a murder-syndicate, a sadist, a Cherokee strip-dancer, and a brave Quaker-girl victim. The publishers offer money back if this thriller does not thrill, a kindly gimmick which, if it caught on around the place, could put some films, plays and authors clean out of business. This one, however, seems like a soundly calculated risk.



## BEAUTY

## The Empire line for the hair

by JEAN CLELAND

THE QUESTION of "What's Your Line" as regards fashion is not confined to dress alone. Hair plays an important part in the ensemble.

As the hem-line rises and falls and the waist-line goes up and down, so the line and styling of the hair is adapted to fall in with the mood of the moment. Hence, leading hairdressers are busy devising styles to flatter the high waist-line and the "Empire" look. I asked several of them for their views.

Riché of Hay Hill described for me the French version of the new line as shown by the *haute couture*. This is sleek, softly waved at the back—no curls—brushed close into the nape of the neck, and fairly short to emphasize the fullness on top. It is interesting to note that Riché predicted this particular line several months ago, and is now doing many lovely variations of it, one of which, taken specially for The TATLER, can be seen on this page.

We talked about the Empire period when the long hair was brushed up and dressed high. Now, to fit in with the short hair of today, the styles have had to be devised to give a similar effect, with height on the crown, emphasized by a flattish fringe.

I asked several other of the leading hairdressers for their views on the new autumn line, and found that with subtle differences,

they are all more or less adopting similar ideas.

André Bernard says that hair will be higher on the crown to keep in line with the new trend in waist-lines, but it will still keep the casual look, and may be worn either towards or away from the face. In his styles, the length will be approximately three to four inches over the head, tapering in at the nape. He has introduced a new colour, *Autumn Leaf*, a russet shade which brings out the soft reddish lights in the hair.

French of London is creating his new styles with a high, wide look, giving the silhouette rather what he calls a "puff-ball" appearance. This is very feminine, and is a perfect balance to the shorter hem-line. For his inspiration, he has, he tells me, delved back into history, and the result has a decided Empire flavour.

I talked with Rose Evansky, who does the styling at the Evansky Salon, while her husband deals with the technical side of the business and specializes in bringing unhealthy hair back to life. The shingle, she says, is still very much a part of her styles, but this season's version will be softer, and not quite so short. The new trend is altogether smoother, with the hair more solid looking than the light airy styles of last season. She is very fond of adding a little glamour for the evening by way of a flower or a jewel.

Top, left : The helmet look. A flower is added for evening. Medium-length hair is made to look like long hair. By Evansky

Centre, left : The bandeau style. Brushed up into a slightly padded fringe, which is swept down to the eyebrows. French of London

Left : The high-crown look, with the hair three to four inches long and tapering down at the neck. By André Bernard

Right : The "Hi-flatterer." The height of the crown of the head is emphasized by the low fringe. Riché



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## MOTORING

## Leisure for the left foot

by GORDON WILKINS

AT LAST YEAR'S motor show there was something of a scramble by car manufacturers to offer automatic clutches where they were not able to provide fully-automatic transmissions. Since then there does not seem to have been any comparable scramble by the public to buy. I imagine many people regard the automatic clutch as an interim measure pending the arrival of fully-automatic transmissions for small cars. It may be so, but small cars may not be able to shed their gear levers completely for some time yet. Meanwhile the automatic clutch has a lot to offer, especially to the driver who has to spend long periods in town traffic.

I have been driving a Hillman Minx with the Manumatic clutch, which is also available on several of the B.M.C. cars. It is the most elaborate and expensive of the British automatic clutches and really takes charge of affairs in an uncanny way. If you crack the gear lever from one position to another without making any effort to adjust the engine speed you can feel slight movements of the accelerator under the foot, indicating that the little robot in the control box is working out the right engine speed for the car you propose to use. You can snap the lever up and down between third and top with the throttle wide open and the device will make perfect changes almost as fast as a competition driver could make them, with no jerk at all. It makes extremely expert

downward changes if one wants to slow down quickly before a corner.

There are several inbuilt safety devices. The starter will not work unless the gear lever is in neutral and if you rest a hand on the gear lever thus working the touch-sensitive switch and declutching while on the move, the throttle closes, so that you cannot over-rev the engine. The Minx is normally started in second gear and first is rarely required save on very steep hills. When dropping into first it is advisable to rev the engine in neutral as this gear is not synchronized. For optimum results automatic clutches do demand full synchronized gearboxes and there are signs of a trend in that direction. The price of the Manumatic on the Minx has recently been reduced to £25 plus £12 10s. purchase tax.

Automatic clutches of a simpler type are available at a lower price on some Ford, Standard and Vauxhall models. They eliminate the clutch pedal but demand a little more co-operation from the driver in adjusting the engine speed by means of the accelerator pedal.

Elimination of the clutch pedal need not lead to atrophy of the left foot. There are plenty of tasks it could perform which will allow the driver's hands to stay on the steering wheel. It can dip the headlamps, sound the horn, work the screenspray or trigger off a station-seeking radio set (I see that some are being imported at last).

## GOODBYE TO THE GRAND PALAIS OF PARIS

THIS YEAR'S Paris Salon closes an era, for it will be the last to be held in the old Grand Palais. From next year the Salon will be transferred to the fantastic new building, with three-cornered roof forming the largest unobstructed concrete arches in the world, at the far end of the Avenue de la Grande Armée.

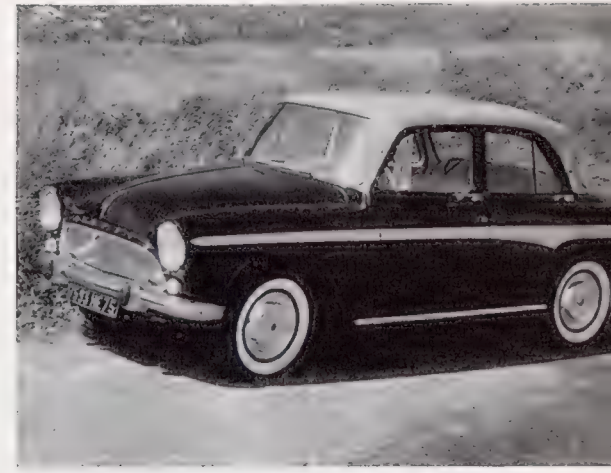
I shall be sorry to say goodbye to the ugly old iron building. Year after year I have watched the same scenes of apparent chaos from midnight and on into the small hours of opening day; stands half built, bare earth and dust everywhere and the most interesting cars still missing. But the French workmen would draw up the available chairs and tables, spread a cloth, open their bottles of wine, conjure substantial hot suppers from the echoing emptiness and settle down to eat, drink and chat as though there was no crisis at all. And by morning they had always performed the impossible. The stands were finished, the intricate false ceiling of neon and plaster board was lit up, the cars were in place and coconut matting was laid in all the aisles.

This year the British may steal the show,

*and these are some of the models for the next show*

HERE are some of the 1959 cars already announced. The latest Hillman Minx (*above, middle*) has its engine enlarged to 1,494 c.c. and it is geared to run more slowly, giving better top gear performance, and livelier acceleration with little if any change in fuel consumption. It has new radiator grille and tail lamps, improved seats and redesigned instrument panel. The Singer Gazelle has improved seating with centre arm-rest and the price is reduced.

Simca have produced a completely new body for the Aronde (*top*), with larger glass areas and slimmer pillars giving much better all-round vision. Mechanical parts of the old



model are retained but the gear shift has been redesigned to make it easier to find the right gear in a hurry. And as French motorists are now very interested in fuel consumption (since taxes shot the price up to about 8s. a gallon), there is an economy model with engine of 1,100 c.c. instead of 1,290 c.c.

Renault have raised the compression ratio on 750 and Dauphine and provided vacuum control for the Dauphine's ignition distributor which is said to push the m.p.g. up to about 47, while the Frégate shown here (*bottom*) has new grille, larger tail lamps, and more luxurious interior for 1959.





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### GREAT PROGENITORS—1

## Edward III—ancestor to thousands

First of an occasional series by L. G. PINE

I OFTEN DESCRIBE King Edward III as the Clapham Junction of genealogy. Flippant comparison it may be, but none the less true. The man who succeeds in tracing his ancestry to Edward III will find himself connected by a through line to William the Conqueror. More than that he will then find himself on other branch lines as well, which bring in most of the great royal families of old Europe.

This is the explanation of the otherwise curious phenomenon of Americans who proudly proclaim that they have a descent from William the Conqueror, Charlemagne, the Cid, and numerous other famous persons. One transatlantic scion of the martial Edward III became so elated with the discovery of his royal blood, that he dropped the use of his initials when signing his letters, thus becoming, as it were, a quasi-peer.

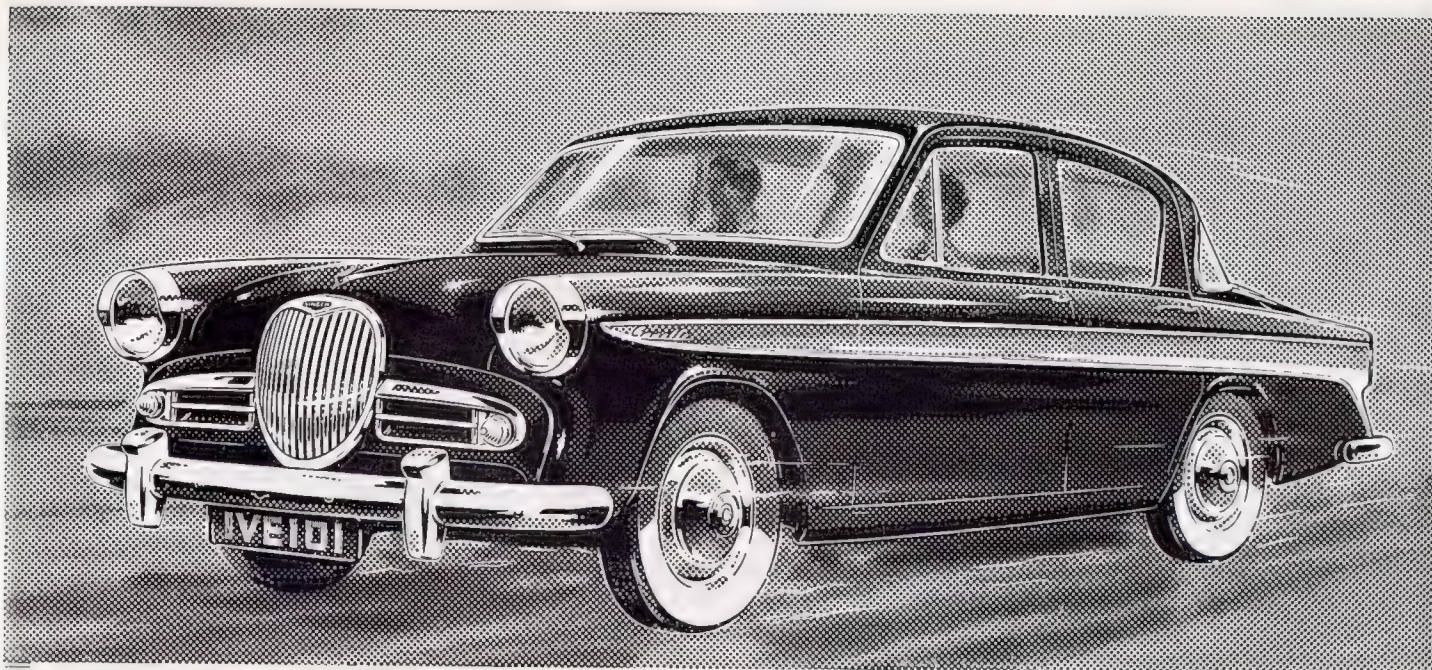
However, the fever of Edwardian ancestry is just as great in England. There are six large blue quarto volumes—*Ruvigny's Roll of The Blood Royal*. These works give the names of descendants of Edward III who were known in the early 1900s. A reasonable estimate of Edwardian scions is 100,000 in England alone; some unkind people suggest that

every middle-class Englishman is so descended.

Was Edward III then so active a king? Did he bestow his favour so widely and so graciously? Not quite. The proliferation of his descendants is due to the fact that a higher proportion of his 11 children survived to reproduce themselves than was usual in a medieval nursery. Even so, one of Edward's six sons, and four of his five daughters, died young or before they could procreate. His heir, the famous Black Prince, had one son (Richard II) who left no issue.

This meant that immense responsibility for the future rested on the young Princes, Lionel of Antwerp, John of Gaunt, Edmund of Langley, Thomas of Woodstock, and the Princess Isabel—the children of Edward who lived to breed. Nobly did they respond—especially John of Gaunt—and the result is that we are all sib to the Sovereign. (Another less exhilarating consequence is that genealogists are usually very *blasé* about royal descents; they know that so many have them. Also, if such prodigious numbers can result from so few, clearly the human stock easily increases, and *ergo* only a sparse population existed earlier.)





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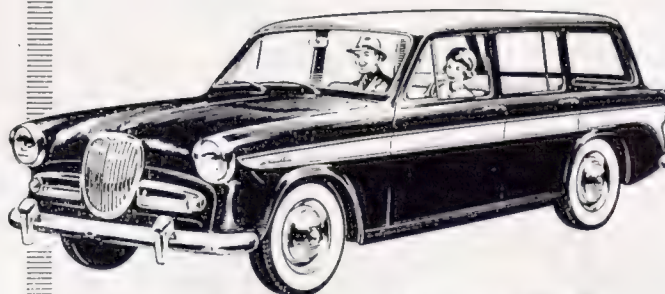
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## DINING OUT

### Gourmets among the ghosts

by ISAAC BICKERSTAFF

THE WORD "Ritz" has become part of the English language; it denotes elegance, quality and dignity. Often, especially on a Sunday morning, I like to wander about the Ritz Hotel in Piccadilly, one of the last strongholds of peace; quiet, first-class and with silent service.

What ghosts there are about! The kings and princes of the world and all the celebrities of the past who come to mind have been its visitors. One can almost see the great César Ritz himself hurrying down to the kitchens to discuss some fabulous feast with the world's most famous chef, Georges Auguste Escoffier, whom he originally engaged in 1883 for the Grand Hotel at Monte Carlo. It turned into one of the most successful partnerships the world of grand hotels has ever seen.

But enough of the past. Let us visit the new Grill Room of the Ritz of today. It is situated on the lower ground floor, on past the Rivoli Bar. This is a so-smart affair, the décor in the palest of pastel shades, except the support columns which are black marble.

I was fortunate in the company in which I found myself for my first visit. This was to a lunch party given by Jean Couvreur, director of G. H. Mumm & Co. of Reims, and Edouard Haviland, director of Bisquit Dubouche, Jarnac, Cognac.

Having consumed in my time a good deal of Cordon Rouge Champagne (we started off with a bottle of '49 as an aperitif) and a good deal of Bisquit Dubouche, it was interesting to meet the heads of the firms from their country of origin. Also at the table was Stanley de Ville who for years has been famous in the wine trade and who is the third generation of de Villes to have looked after the interests of Bisquit Dubouche and Mumm Champagne in England.

Next to him was Leslie Seyd, director of those old-established wine merchants, Brown, Gore & Welch of the City of London, with whom Stanley is now associated.

Also lunching with us was Mr. Frank Biggs, secretary and director of the Ritz, who has been with the group for over 40 years. It is always fascinating to listen to some of his reminiscences and I have told him a dozen times he ought to write a book about them.

Finally there was Guy Bracewell Smith, a director of the Ritz and Park Lane Hotels, who was responsible for the décor and alterations which have made the new Grill Room what it is. His father, Sir Bracewell Smith, one time Lord Mayor of London, is chairman of these hotels as well as being chairman of Arsenal Football Club and Wembley Stadium.

The menu is what you would expect and includes almost everything you can imagine. And there is a wine list to match it. The Ritz, like the now-demolished Carlton, has always had a fine and famous cellar.

What I consider is an excellent example to some other establishments is that the Ritz sells wine *en carafe*, so people with limited budgets need not stand and shiver with fright before its mighty portals. A large *carafe* of vin rouge will cost them 12s. 6d., or a Beaujolais rosé 15s. 6d., and you can get a Côte du Rhône '53 for 18s. So there is no need to lose your nerve.

There is, of course, a selection of great château bottled clarets &c., for which without any difficulty you can pay up to £3 a bottle. But there is a great range between the two and your outlay depends entirely on the circumstances.

Another refreshing sight is to see that there is an Australian red available at 16s. a bottle and South African red and white at 15s. 6d.



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## DINING IN

## Add zest with a sauce

by HELEN BURKE

AT A SECOND-HAND bookstall the other day I bought a volume of *Popular Lectures on Food* by Dr. E. Lankester, published in the 1870s. In it, I read: "I wish I could persuade some of my lady hearers to try their taste upon the manufacture of sauces. . . . Fine ladies may think this a subject beneath them; foolish women may think they know quite enough about it; but the time may come when both alike will repent their pride and folly."

*Repent* is perhaps extreme, but I do think that a little more attention to the subject would result in the production of more varied and more tasty meals. "Plain cooking" can often be too plain. Those sauces which add flavouring and zest to food play a much more essential part in cookery than many of us realize.

Sauce-making has been called an art, and its importance in the culinary realm cannot be overstressed. It is an achievement to know exactly how much flavouring to add to this sauce and to that (excess of flavouring is just as much a fault as is insipidness); which special condiments will be best to use with sauces to be served with different foods, and what degree of thickness each particular sauce should have.

The purpose of all sauces is two-fold: First, to make dishes more tasty and more palatable; second, to obviate in certain dishes any dryness which might otherwise exist.

Clearly then, in the first case, the simpler and less flavoured the dish, the fancier the sauce can be, whereas, conversely, only the plainest sauces need be served with food which is delicious in itself. The second case calls for discrimination regarding the consistency of the sauce. A good rule is: Thick sauces for moist dishes and thinner ones for dry. Cauliflower and vegetable marrow, for instance, are each served with white sauce. Logically, that for the cauliflower, which is comparatively dry, should be less thick than that for the marrow, which is watery.

When it comes to puddings, the general rule holds good. The hard sauce for Christmas pudding (itself moist) would not be appropriate with a plain suet pudding.

With fish and meat dishes, there

are "customary" sauces to be served: caper, parsley or egg sauce with boiled fish; tartar sauce with fried fish; mustard sauce with herring; mint sauce with lamb, horse-radish sauce with roast beef, onion or caper sauce with boiled mutton and brown or mushroom sauce with fillet steaks.

With vegetables, there are mayonnaise, Hollandaise, white, vinaigrette and parsley sauces (the last with broad beans), and so on. With sweets and puddings, however, personal taste can best decide the sauces and the flavours to be used.

But there are two important rules which must be carefully observed: Whether they are sweet or savoury, hot sauces must be really *hot*, and cold sauces must be really *cold*. All sauces, with the exception of those containing capers, shrimps, mixed pickles and the like, must be very smooth. If there are any doubts regarding lumpiness, strain the sauces well before serving them.

If sauces have to be kept for any time before being served, they should be prepared in a double saucepan. The back of a well-buttered spoon should be passed over them, after which they should be covered. They can then be kept perfectly hot without the slightest detriment to their good looks.

Now for the recipe for a favourite sweet, which (inappropriately) requires no sauce:

For Macaroon Cream, put 1 pint milk, 2 oz. sugar and a split-through inch of vanilla pod in a saucepan. Soften  $\frac{1}{2}$  to  $\frac{3}{4}$  oz. best quality gelatine in 3 tablespoons water, then heat to dissolve it, but do not boil. Remove. Beat the yolks of 2 eggs and gradually beat the milk into them, first removing the vanilla pod, then stir in the gelatine. When cold and beginning to thicken, fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Lastly, fold in a teacup of macaroon crumbs and  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint half-whipped double cream. The cream should be whipped until the whisk leaves a trail when drawn through it.

Turn all into a glass dish and decorate, if liked, with angelica and little silver boules.

If a vanilla pod is not available, be discreet with the best vanilla essence you can buy. A tablespoon of Kirsch or Curaçao, folded in with the cream, gives this sweet a most refreshing flavour.



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Invented by a doctor—  
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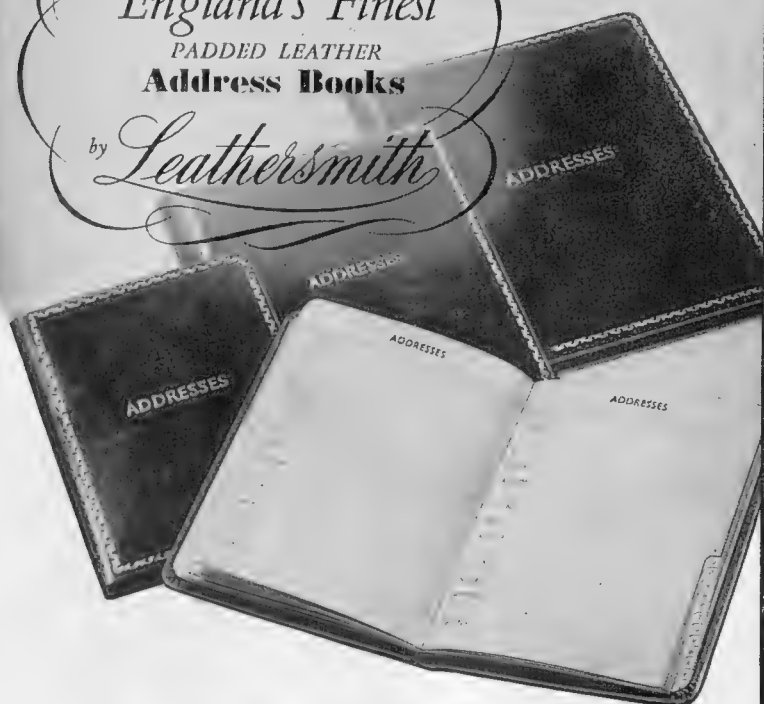


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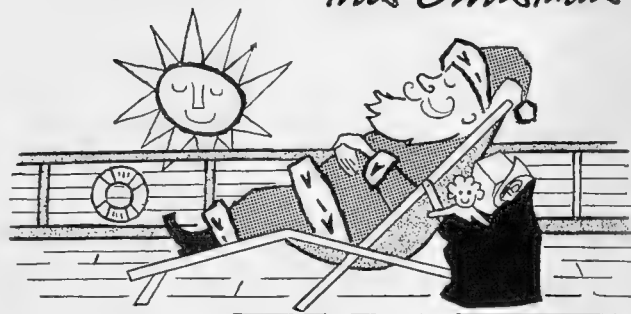
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continue to change shape. However well made, your denture may  
become loose and suction fails to keep it in place at all times. A  
plate which is loose or rocks, or drops when chewing, talking or  
laughing destroys self-confidence and often causes shyness.

A denture fixative like Dr. Wernet's Powder is the answer to these  
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recommended by Dentists all over the world. You simply sprinkle it on  
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prevents any soreness of the gums. You can eat what you like, laugh  
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Why suffer mouth discomfort another day when you can prove the  
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Or any night . . . it's bound to be *Ballerina*—the *prima* chocolates with a repertoire of fifteen succulent centres, designed and produced by Tobler for your exclusive enjoyment.

The curtain rises—there is a slight rustle in the audience (someone popping a *Ballerina* Chocolate in her mouth!) An unforgettable evening—the pas-de-deux of Hazelnut Praline and Almond Fudge—the arabesque of Crushed Walnuts and the never-to-be-forgotten smoothness of rich, milky chocolate cloaking the delicious and varied centres with skill and perfection . . . bravo! . . . the curtain falls with loud applause for Tobler *Ballerina* Chocolates which are just *tutu* delicious! (Note: *Tobler Ballerina* Chocolates are equally enjoyable eaten in the 'gods' or nibbled in front of your own Television).

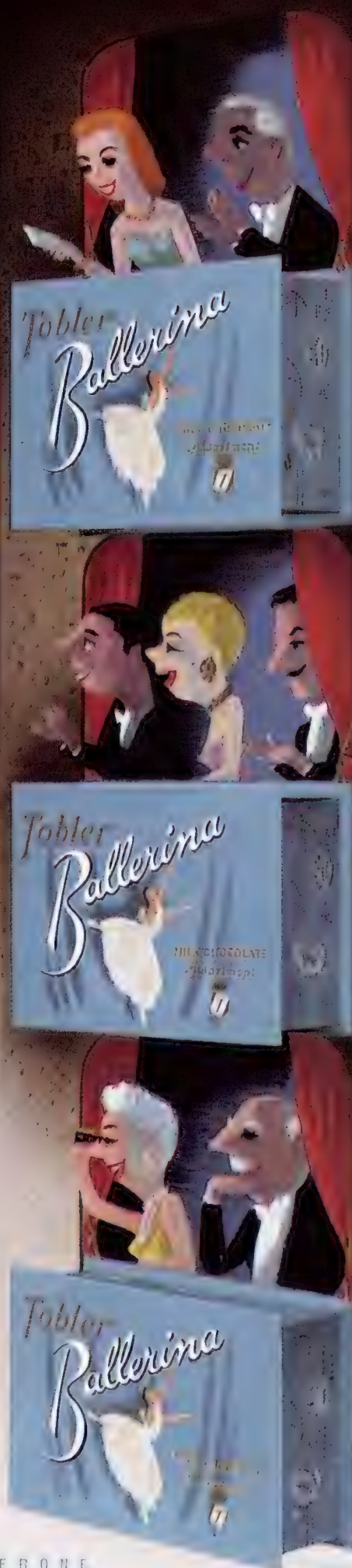
# Tobler

# Ballerina

CHOCOLATES



MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS TOBLERONE







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It is not by chance that the passenger lists of Cunard liners are studded with famous names . . . business magnates . . . stars of stage and screen. These people are seasoned travellers. They know that the name Cunard stands for the height of sea-going luxury, for superb cuisine and swift, attentive service. They know, too, that they will find aboard a brilliant and varied round of entertainment as well as opportunities for blessed idleness . . . just basking in the sun . . . watching the sea go by . . . and to add to your comfort both the 'Queen' liners are fitted with stabilisers, among several Cunarders fitted with this wonderful anti-rolling device.

*.. when you cross by*

# CUNARD

PLEASE COMPLETE IN BLOCK LETTERS

|          |                     |         |                 |
|----------|---------------------|---------|-----------------|
| NAME     | <i>Travel in a</i>  |         |                 |
| SHIP     | DECK AND            | DATE OF | <i>BIG way!</i> |
| CLAS     | ROOM NO             | SAILING |                 |
| FROM     | TO                  |         |                 |
| EUROPEAN | PORT OF ORIGIN      |         |                 |
| ADDRESS  | PORT OF DESTINATION |         |                 |

TO U.S.A. AND CANADA





Time for

# 'Moisture Make-up'

Moisture Make-up is an entirely new foundation. Blended with a wonderful ingredient, it restores essential moisture to the skin, lubricating it, and preserving that soft look of beauty. Smooth on the lightest film, and at once your skin looks flawlessly textured, toned with lovely colour. And all the time you're wearing it under your Yardley Powder it is keeping your skin soft and supple. In five skin-matched shades: Cameo, Pearl, Honey Blush, Peach and Capri. 7/3

...pure magic  
for the  
drier type  
of skin



by **YARDLEY**





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Timken tapered-roller bearings, with their nickel alloy case-hardening steel and toughened shock-resistant core, are the ideal bearings for meeting the heavy stresses imposed by helicopter gearing and main rotors. They are extensively used on various makes and designs of helicopter.

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**New  
Defence  
Bonds  
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**5%**

As well as the increased interest of 5%, the Bonds are repayable after 7 years at the rate of £103 for each £100 invested—and this 3% Bonus is income tax free.

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(a) At six months' notice when they will be repaid at par plus any interest earned but unpaid.

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On sale in £5 units. Buy all you can afford.

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NOW  
HAVE**

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